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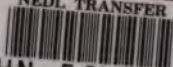
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FAIRIES OF OUR GARDEN.

FAIRIES
OF
OUR GARDEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHILD-LIFE IN ITALY."

BOSTON :
J. E. TILTON AND COMPANY.
1867.

June 1867.26

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TO
ANNIE, JENNY, MAY, AND FRANK,

CHILDREN OF OUR LATE EMINENT SCULPTOR,

THOMAS CRAWFORD,

OF ROME, ITALY,

THIS VOLUME,

ORIGINALLY DESIGNED FOR THEIR ENTERTAINMENT, AND CONTAINING
REMINISCENCES OF THEIR EARLIEST, HAPPY HOME,

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

INTRODUCTORY.

THOSE who have so kindly received the previous work, "CHILD-LIFE IN ITALY," will find more fully introduced in this sequel, its "companion-volume," those subjects of lively interest to which the attention is naturally directed in residing or in travelling in Italy, — history, mythology, art, and religion. For, although the writing of these tales was commenced with a view to amusement only, the idea of imparting information also soon suggested itself; and it is believed, that, even under the simple title of this little book, the general reader will find enough of this, somewhat systematically arranged, to repay him or her for the perusal.

These little stories were not designed, however, to forestall for the juvenile reader the great pleasure of an intimate knowledge of Roman history; and are therefore merely sketches, to mark out, as it were, some of its great outlines, and to prepare them for a more full acquaintance with the interesting topics of ancient Rome.

The same must be said of other parts of the work, which give but some general, historical features, with a little filling-up of their own peculiar productions, of other interesting countries of European travel, — Spain, France, and England.

The fanciful portion of the work will, of course, be regarded but as the setting of a picture, — the framework, or surroundings, of a landscape.

Boston, U.S.A., 1866.

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OUR GARDEN FAIRIES.



CHAPTER I.

THE QUEEN AND HER FAIRIES.

“OH, write us some stories!—write us some fairy stories!” exclaimed the two little girls, Nanine and Gianina, one day when we had come in from walking,—two little girls whom I love very much to please. What pleasant smiles and sun-bright faces shone upon me then, when they were begging and teasing — ay, *teasing* — for those fairy stories!

But—a “fairy story!” Who could think of writing a new one in these days of fairy tales, when almost every other book contains one? Why, to invent any thing new in that line would require a

head as large as that of old Atlas when he was holding up the sky, or an imagination as strong as that of good Bellerophon when he was searching for the winged horse.*

However, as every one knows something of Fairy-land, I will try to give an account of some of my acquaintances there, in order to gratify those same little girls when they have an idle hour to spare, and do not know what to do with themselves.

This account shall be of the fairies of our garden, — our garden at Villa Negroni.† Now, those two young friends may fancy that they know all about these, as they are old acquaintances of theirs too : but they may be assured that the little beings of Fairy-land appear and act differently to different persons ; and very probably they will find that the appearance under which I have seen them is quite another than that under which they have usually seen them. They shall hear, also, of what took place in that happy little invisible world, at mid-

* See "The Wonder-book," by Hawthorne, which was at that time very popular in our family-circle.

† Villa Negroni-Massimo, Rome.

summer, when all we good people of Villa Negroni had posted away, far out of the country, into cool and lovely Switzerland, and had left the garden and its fairy occupants all to themselves.

In those long, midsummer days, when the sun in Rome was shining, — oh, how hot! — and the very grass seemed to shrink beneath it; and the animals would creep away to their holes and their shelters; and the people in the streets — Heaven bless them! — were glad to escape into their houses when it was not absolutely necessary for them to be out; then it was, that lying in some shady corner of the garden, and dreaming with half-shut eyes, one might have seen the whole little band of elves trying to occupy themselves in one way or another: for these elfin beings, so light of heart and light of toe, — do you think they drowse and dream away all the long, golden summer-days? Indeed they do not, according to my knowledge. Busy as they may be in the moonlight and at midnight, when they have free scope to do and to dare all their thousand and one little magic arts, the time is not too long for them,

even if they add the day ; since, for their nimble fingers and their airy feet, there is perpetually some new frolic going on, or some new mischief to be set agoing, or some new honey-beds to seek in the intervals of their short day-nappings : for even fairies will snatch a wink of sleep now and then, and are as much refreshed by it as we mortals.

But at noon, in those hot days of midsummer, let me tell you, not even fairies could have survived, had they not kept themselves a little quiet. So they took the wiser part ; and, as I was saying, you might have seen that whole little band trying to settle themselves to some tranquil occupation. There was one who had just clambered upon a tendril of a grape-vine to have a little airy swing. Another had stretched herself at full length upon a bed of the softest and tiniest moss, and seemed to be doing nothing but making her eyes more blue by looking up into the blue sky. Some were fairly slumbering with eyes closely shut. One little imp — a real little mischief-maker he seemed — was pulling back another that was trying so hard to climb

into a blue-bell. Another was very comfortably mounted in the flower of a honeysuckle, sipping the nectarine juice, which was, I suppose, her noon-day meal. I cannot tell you the hundred quiet things they contrived to do in order to occupy and amuse themselves.

But the most wide-awake of all the band was the group around the queen, Adèle ; the very one you became acquainted with at Rose Island.* You might ask how she came here ; but you know that fairies move about from place to place wherever they please. I cannot tell you in what manner she travelled, — whether she lighted upon some gentle breeze that was blowing in this direction, and so was wafted along ; or sailed upon some fleecy cloud ; or came in her own chariot, quite magically, through the air. At all events, she seemed to have popped down into our garden at present, and was quite at home there.

Around the queen stood Dewdrop and Misty, Vial, Glassée, Pebble, and Rosy. These, I think,

* See "Rainbows for Children."

were the queen's favorites ; for one would almost always see them about her. If you would like to take a peep into their characters and dispositions, you might discover them partly by their names. *Dew-drop* was as sparkling as her namesake : her eyes, her hair, even her very feet, seemed to be all twinkling with dewy light ; and, when she wore her dress of silver sheen, you might at a distance, on a summer's morning, have taken her for a veritable dew-drop.

Misty — how tender she was ! Her soft eyes were veiled with a tearful light whenever any pitiful tale was told her.

Vial was an inquisitive little creature as ever lived. It was her delight to be always finding out something new, and asking all sorts of questions — very sensible ones too — in regard to things that you would not suppose that a fairy would care about at all, as you will see by and by ; and so, I presume, they called her *Vial* because she was always bottling up so much knowledge in her little head !

Glassée was a perfect reflection. Her face really shone with intelligence; and this was all true because she was intelligent: you would not suppose that a fairy could be so intelligent, and know so much about mortals and their events as she did. But, then, as fairies never stop living, as we do, they have ample time to be making observations and accumulating knowledge; so that there is no knowing what large books they might not write, if they would only set about it. *Glassée* was the one to whom every inquisitive little elf went when she wished to be informed about some grand thing.

Pebble was the roundest, stoutest-hearted, firmest little individual in all Fairy-land. No difficulties could ever make her give up her object: she went straight to it with a perseverance and an equanimity that were highly praiseworthy and commendable.

Rosy was the most rosy little thing you ever saw, — all pinkish sweet.

On that hot summer's day, as was said, these fairy maidens were all assembled around their queen. I have no doubt that they were her maids of honor,

they were so much about her. And, now I think of it, they certainly were maids of honor; for they were doing just the very things that maids of honor always do. The queen had been making her toilet, or rather these had been making it for her. They had dressed her that day in a robe that you would think had been made of the sky itself, it was so sheer, and of so celestial a blue; and it was spangled all over with tiny, golden stars.

Her stockings were made of that silk-like gossamer that we see in warm summer mornings spread from leaf to leaf; and they were woven in the finest loom in Fairy-land,—a loom whose frame was made of silver tissue. Her shoes—I can hardly imagine of what material her shoes were made: it seemed to be something between glass and silver. They shone like silver, and yet were transparent like glass. On her head was an almost invisible wreath, it was so airy and graceful.

The wand was not in her hand; for she was quite at ease among her maidens: it was just lounging-time, and she only used her wand when she had

something to do in a queenly way. But it was a lovely wand, lying on a moss-covered bank near by. It seemed to be radiating all sorts of fancy colors, blending together in a marvellously fairy-like manner. It was so exquisitely slight and fragile, that no one would suppose it could have force enough in it for any magic power whatever.

So, as the toilet was finished, and it was lolling-time, they sat around there, two or three of them, quite in Turkish fashion : one or two on tiny crimson flowers which served as stools ; another in a crocus blossom which resembled a big, elegant chair of yellow plush. The queen herself was upon a mossy couch thickly sprinkled with pink flowers, with a variegated flower of blue and white behind her, against or in which she was half reclining.

Little Vial, Turk-fashion, on the ground, began coaxing Glassée to tell her something from her great store of wisdom. Glassée, who was half lying on the same bank with the queen, promised her, that by and by when it was cooler, and the other fairies

had gone to their pranks or their labors, she would tell her about any thing that she wished.

Queen Adèle, overhearing her, said, "There, now, Glassée ! all day I have had just as much curiosity as Vial to know something about this place that we have come to. You know it all ; and now is just the time to tell us, and give us a little entertainment."

Then a sparkling-bright flush passed over the face of Glassée ; for she thought how many fine things she might be able to tell the queen, who knew nothing at all : but then, fairy as she was, she had no idea of being drawn into a long, long engagement to amuse them, which might extend to a thousand and one stories like the Arabian Nights. Therefore, in her arch way, she agreed to the proposal on the condition that they should not wish her to continue her recitals longer than a week ; for she was sure that her fairy brain would be quite tired out telling more stories than that at once. Then she begged, too, to be allowed to wait until the next day ; for it was getting late, and she did not wish to be inter-

rupted — not she — when she had begun a long story.

The queen assented to this ; and soon afterwards, if you had had eyes sharp enough, you might have seen the fairy elves all disappearing, some in search of a powder with which to make a magic mixture, some in pursuit of gold or silver ore to work up into bright ornaments, and others extracting the color from flowers wherewith to dye some gossamer fabrics. One was distilling the juice of an herb to lay upon the brow of a sick, sleeping child, to make him more patient and obedient. I cannot tell you of the many things they did in labor and play, in charity and goodness.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST DAY'S STORY.

AT lounging-time next day, each fairy repaired to the flower-and-moss carpeted drawing-room of the queen. The queen herself soon appeared with her retinue, and seated herself upon her flower-throne. Glassée occupied the place of honor at her right hand, and looked quite dignified, though demure, with her bright face smoothed down into soberness at the idea of being the historian of the party. The tiny, lovely-tinted wand was waved; and each fairy hushed herself into the most perfect stillness as Glassée commenced : —

“We live in a garden, to be sure; but the garden is in a villa, and the villa is in a city, and the city is in a great, great country” —

"What country?" broke in the pert, inquisitive little Vial.

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed the queen, waving her wand: "no interruptions! Let the story go on; and, if any fairy interrupt, she must pay a penalty. I will allow only three questions to be asked by any one; and, if one asks more than that, I shall hold a court after the stories are through, and decide upon a punishment for the culprit." So all hushed themselves down again.

"This great, great country," again began Glassée, "is Italy. There were rivers and mountains, and there were great forests, here once; but, a long time ago, there were no cities. Then some people came and built cities." And Glassée stood up, and stretched herself on her toes as high as she could; and the queen and all the little fairies followed her example, and all stood on the points of their toes, while she pointed far off, and said, "There, on those high hills opposite,—those blue hills,—one city was built, with long white walls, and its name was Alba; and those are the Alban Hills."

So every eye was wide open, and every little sprite was eager to see the long white walls; but none were to be seen: for that which Glassée had been telling of happened more than two thousand years ago; and now those walls and buildings are all gone except a few stones,—rubbish, which may be found here and there. But those blue hills where the walls were—the soft, blue hills, so dream-like, charming, and beautiful—still remain; and they are just the same as they were two thousand years ago.

Each fairy elf then sat herself down again in the greatest stillness to hear the rest of the story.

“The city of Alba was built, and it was filled with people; and they had kings to rule over them, one king after another. At length, two little twins were born, whose mother was the daughter of the king. So, for fear that these little boys should come to be kings when they grew up, a bad man—their uncle—said they must be sent away. They were put into a basket,—the little things!—and thrown into the river, the long river that comes from the moun-

tains, and runs winding along and along the Campagna, among the green fields, till it goes out into the sea. It is the Tiber; and we can see it, looking very yellow and muddy, when we go into the city, a short distance from our villa.

“The basket and the babies were not heavy; and they floated along and along on the top of the water until they came to a place about a quarter of a mile from this garden, where there was a wild fig-tree growing on the bank of the river. It was close by the Palatine Hill (for you must know that there are seven hills in Rome, and one of them is the Palatine); and there, under the wild fig-tree, the basket was washed ashore, and lay upon the ground. The two babies, I suppose, moaned and cried; when a wolf happened along that way, and, seeing the helpless little children, just like a mother she staid beside them, and let them feed upon her milk.

“Afterwards a good shepherd found them, and carried them home to his cottage, and told his wife to take care of them, which she did; and she loved them so well, and took such good care of them,

that they grew fat and strong. When they came to be big boys, they played with the other shepherd-boys round about; and Romulus, one of the twins, always would be the leader, because he was very clever, and knew how to manage. When they had grown quite large, the King of Alba found out that these were his grandsons: so he took them into his palace, and made them live with him for a time. But at length, when they had become older, he told them they might go and build themselves a city. Then they came back to the very place where they had lived under the fig-tree, and in the shepherd's hut; and Romulus laid out a town, and put a low wall around it, and invited many persons to come; and they came and lived there. Thus the town grew larger and larger, and Romulus was the king, and they called it Rome, for him; and it was this very, very city that we are living in.

“The other twin had been killed one day: but Romulus lived many years; and, although he was king, he dwelt only in a straw-roofed cottage; for they had no better palace then. One day,

when he had come to be quite an old man, his soldiers were assembled in a field outside of the city, and he went out to review them. While he was engaged in exercising and reviewing the troops, a dreadful shower came up, with thunder and lightning, which made the people run in all directions, and half blinded their eyes, so that they could scarcely see; and, when the shower was over, no Romulus was there, and they never saw him again. The people said that his father Mars—they believed that the god Mars* was his father—had come and carried him away to heaven. They mourned and lamented him; for then they had no king.”

Just as Glassée arrived at the end of the story of Romulus, some drops of a real shower came pattering down; for they had been listening so attentively, that not even one little fairy had looked up and seen that a great black cloud was coming. It was ready to burst right over their heads; and, had they not jumped up and run

* See note, p. 32.

pell-mell, queen and all, — scampering away, and creeping under their leaves, and into their flowers, and to all their sheltering places, — they would have been so drenched and battered by the rain, that probably not a fairy of them all would ever have held up her head again !

CHAPTER III.

THE SECOND DAY.

THE rain had proved not only a shower, but quite a tempest, which had lasted nearly all night; so that, the next day, the fairies could not assemble where they had been, their flowery banks being all too wet. But, instead, they took refuge in a pretty little nook, sheltered by ivy vines and laurustinus bushes. There each managed to seat herself on some round pebble-stone, or in some branch gently and lazily swinging to and fro.

They were quite favorably impressed with Glas-sée's capacity for story-telling, and were eager that she should recommence. Her self-respect was much increased by having to tell of such

dignified personages as kings and grand people: so she sat herself up with as much stateliness as any young lady would in relating subjects so important.

“What could they do without a king?” asked little Vial. “One question,” announced the queen’s secretary, who had to keep the account. Poor Vial was reminded of the penalty. “But it is only one,” she thought to herself: “I shall escape.”

“They went a long time,” said Glassée, “without a king; and then the people were anxious to have one again. They thought and talked about it, and sent to a town among the hills—the Sabine Hills, over there to the eastward—for a person who was living there. He was a very wise man, and they knew that he would make a good king. But he was happy there in the country, and was very, very sorry to leave his home, where he had lived with his wife, and, after his wife died, with the good goddess Egeria.* For

* The young reader must remember that these times of an-

he was fond of the goddess Egeria, so people said; and Egeria was fond of him. He used to take long walks in the fields and groves, and she would come and talk with him. He thought he should lose all these delightful rambles in the country with his companion Egeria if he should become king: but the people entreated him so urgently, that at length he was forced to consent; so he came to Rome, and they made him king. His name was Numa.*

“Numa was always thoughtful and prudent, and made the people live in peace; and he had churches built, and required them all to go to church properly. One of his great pleasures was still to go out into the fields and groves; and there, behold! his old friend Egeria came and visited him still. There is a pretty fountain which is only three or four miles from Rome; and there Numa would go and sit, they say, and his lov-

cient Rome were the times of gods and goddesses, as people believed.

* Numa Pompilius.

ing friend would come and talk with him there: thus the pretty fountain was called by her name, — the Fountain of Egeria. In after-days, it was ornamented with beautiful marble statues; but they are all broken now, and around the dripping water grows only the beautiful, green maiden's-hair.

“While they sat there talking by the fountain, Numa learned some very great things of Egeria. She would tell him how to be very wise and good, and about the best way of governing the people. And she was very useful to him besides; for one day he had a dinner-party, and invited to it some of his most distinguished men. They came, and they sat down to dinner; but every thing was as plain and simple as possible. There was nothing handsome on the table, nor any thing very good to eat; but all at once, while they were sitting there, the earthen dishes and the spoons and all the table-things began to grow brighter and brighter, and in a minute, lo! they were all changed to the most beautiful, sparkling gold;

and all the meats and other food were made nice and delicious! This was all done by Egeria; for the good, kind goddess, watched over the king, and loved to do him favors.

"King Numa was so peaceable and virtuous, that he lived to a very old age, and then had no hard sickness when he died, but just dropped away as easily as if he were going to sleep."

"Then what did Egeria do?" asked Vial; for she had quite forgotten herself in the interest she felt. "That is the second question," said the secretary. But Glassée did not mind the interruption, and went on to say that Numa had written some learned books while he lived, and they were all buried with him when he died. Egeria was very mournful when he was gone, and lamented, and shed so many tears for him, that some persons said that she wept herself all away, and became a fountain."

"Oh," said Misty, "how sorry she must have been!" and she seemed to be half melting away herself into a fountain of tears. "But *I* think,"

said the stout-hearted Pebble, "that she ought to have been more brave than that."

"It was very strange," said the queen, "that she should have loved a mortal so much: she might have cared for him, and protected him; but what was he to her? He was only like a little child in comparison. She knew every thing, and could do almost every thing; but he,—scarcely any thing at all. After all, I suppose it was because he was so like a simple-hearted child, and pure and good, that she loved him so well."

It was fortunate that Glassée had ended her story for that day; for, just as the queen was finishing her important speech, the gardener happened along that way to do something upon the garden-wall, near the ivy and the laurustinus bushes; and, in half the twinkling of an eye, each elfin being had disappeared, and hidden itself away, as if it had never been!

CHAPTER IV.

THE THIRD DAY.

ON the third day the fairies were able to assemble upon their flowery bank as usual, and were quite impatiently waiting for Glassée to begin; but she was the most tardy of all that day. Since the night before, she had been a long way over mountain and field to put some poppy-juice upon the eye-lids of a sick child to make it sleep; and she had scarcely returned before lounging-time. When she arrived, she seemed still rather fatigued: so the queen made her keep quite silent for a while. But soon she looked all fresh and bright again; for a fairy is not long tired out.

Then she commenced:—

“After Numa, there were other kings,—seven kings in all: but I am not going to tell about them; they are not very pleasant stories. They had a great many wars, and fought against many other cities and towns, and almost always conquered them, and often brought their people to Rome to live. This caused Rome to become a very large city. At length, there was a king who was proud and tyrannical, and his sons were so too: therefore the people determined they would not have kings any longer; and they drove this bad king and his family away, and chose consuls every year to govern them. Sometimes the consuls were good men, and sometimes they were not so good; but, among the Romans in general, there were many men who were very brave, and useful to their country. One of these was Cincinnatus, who lived in the country, in a little cottage, on a farm. He had an affectionate wife, and was very happy at home, and liked nothing so much as to live there in quiet, and plough and cultivate his fields, to make the grains and

vegetables and fruits grow. But, withal, he was a very capable man,—energetic and brave, and very firm and commanding.

“On one occasion, when there was a great difficulty in the city, and the consuls did not know what in the world they should do, they concluded to send for Cincinnatus, and give him the entire power, to do as he thought proper. When the messengers that had been sent to him arrived, they found Cincinnatus, with his farmer’s dress on, out in the fields with his oxen and plough, very busy at work. He was much surprised to see those grand messengers from the city coming towards him, and stopped his work to hear what they had to say. They delivered their message; and at first he felt sorry that he should be obliged to go away from his pleasant home: but soon he left the oxen and plough, and went into the house and changed his clothes, and told his wife that he believed their little farm would have to go unplanted that year. Then he bade her good-by, and went

away. He was so wise, and knew so well what to do, that he soon smoothed down the troubles, and made things all right. Then he gave up the authority, and went back to his little farm, where he and his wife lived very happy again.

“But, not long afterwards, other great difficulties arose, and Cincinnatus was again sent for, and was made dictator, as he had been before. He was just as wise as before; and, after a very little time, he again made all things right. He would not take any pay or reward for his services: and, in the midst of all his power and dignity, he lived just as virtuous and as temperate as he had lived at home; and, when he had finished, he went back to his humble cottage, and remained more happy than ever. Nothing could wean him from this happy, quiet, humble home; not even splendor and riches and power. He loved a contented, simple life in his little cottage, better than all the pride and show of kings and queens.”

Rosy and Dewdrop thought he was a great

deal wiser to prefer to live on his pleasant farm, where the flowers and grass were beautiful, and the sun shone bright. Kings and queens always have too much to do, they said: they have to take care of all the people, and cannot go and roll on the grass, and run in the fields.

Pebble laughed, and said she did not believe that Cincinnatus did that: he was too large a man. Well, his children could, they averred; and that was all the same.

“There was another great general, named Camillus,” continued Glassée. “There had been a war; and Camillus, who was at the head of the Roman troops, had conquered, and came back to Rome, and had a great procession,—a triumph, it was called; and Camillus rode in a chariot which was drawn by four beautiful milk-white horses.

“Then there came another war; and Camillus went again, and besieged the city of Falerii, which was out on the Campagna, a few miles from Rome, and was a very difficult city to take.

But there was a schoolmaster in the city, to whose school the children of all the principal men went. Now, this schoolmaster conceived a very wicked plot; for he was willing to betray his country. He determined to go to the Roman general Camillus, and carry all his scholars to him as prisoners; and then their fathers, he thought, would be glad to surrender the city, that they might have their sons back again. So he formed the scholars in a procession, and led them himself to the camp of the Roman general. But Camillus was very much astonished and displeased at the treasonable proposition; and, instead of accepting it, he took the children, and returned them safe to their parents. The citizens were so pleased with Camillus for having acted so nobly, and were so grateful to him, that they finally concluded to surrender the city themselves."

"I am glad of it," said Pebble.

"After a while," continued Glassée, "a great, fierce people—the Gauls—came down towards

Rome from the north, through Etruria, which was the northern part of Italy. They had long, shaggy hair, and carried great broadswords in their hands; and they came marching, and plundering the country on the way, until they had nearly reached Rome. They were such a savage, fierce-looking people, and came on so sturdily right towards the city, that the Romans became fearfully alarmed. They had never had such enemies to contend with before; but they went out to meet them as bravely as they could, outside of the city gate: but there, in the fight, the Romans were driven and scattered away by the huge Gauls; and as many as were not killed or lost fled back into the city, leaving the Gauls to follow after them right through the open gate, without hinderance or molestation. But, fortunately, the Gauls stopped to eat and drink on the way, feasting upon the good things that the Romans had left in their tents; and, in the mean time, the people in the city, as soon as they heard that their army had been beaten by

the Gauls, had packed up their things, and taken horses and wagons, and were going out of the city as fast as they could. All the roads leading from Rome by all the city gates were covered with people driving in carts and wagons, or on mules and horses, or on foot; some leading their little children by the hand, and all making haste as quickly as possible to get away before the terrible Gauls should come, or overtake them.

“When the Gauls at length entered the gate, and came, perhaps, right across here where this garden is,” said Glassée,—for the gate was not far off,—“they were astonished to find the streets empty and quiet, and the city deserted: nobody to meet them anywhere. Then they went on until they came to the Forum; where, behold! were sitting all around, in large and beautiful arm-chairs made of ivory, all the noble senators,—those who made the laws and took care of the nation,—who had not dreamed of going away: *they* would not desert their country,—no! There they sat in their

handsome dresses, some bordered with scarlet, and some with gold; and many of them had hair and long beards as white as silver, and each had an ivory sceptre in his hand. There they sat, still and quiet, uttering no word, making no sound; so that the Gauls, as they came in sight of them, could not imagine what they were, they looked so like statues, silent and motionless. They approached, however, nearer and nearer; and at last one of them put out his hand, and stroked the smooth beard of a senator, to see whether he were a man or a deity. It was such an insult, the senator thought, to have his beard touched in that manner, that he raised his sceptre, and struck at the Gaul before him. Then the Gauls, thinking too, I presume, that this was an insult, and finding that these strange, marble-like statues were all alive, struck at the senator in return: and soon one after another of those heroic, gray-headed, gray-bearded men lay dead at the feet of the fierce Gauls; for they never flinched for a moment, or thought of trying to make their

escape. Then this great city, the houses and streets all deserted, was set on fire by the invaders, and burned almost wholly down.

“But there was one place, the Capitol, right above the Forum, where, after all, some other brave men had hidden themselves, to remain there and defend it, that it might not be taken by the Gauls. This place, on the top of a hill, they kept secure ; and the Gauls could by no means get into it, the banks, or sides, were so steep and rocky all around. But they lay at the foot of the hill, thinking that the Romans would be so starved by and by, that they would be glad to come out of the citadel and deliver themselves up. But, on the contrary, from the little meal that they had with them they baked hard loaves of bread, and threw them one by one over into the camp of the Gauls, in order to make them think that they had a plenty to eat.

“At length, one night, when the Gauls were asleep, a Roman came from outside the city, and climbed stealthily a craggy pathway up the hill,

and entered the Capitol, to let the inmates know that their friends in the country were quickly assembling in a great army to come and assist them. Then he went back as stealthily as he had come: but, in the morning, the sharp, quick eyes of the Gauls saw by the bushes that had been pulled up, and the ground that had been broken away, that some one had been up the hill; so, the next night, they tried to do the same thing. Sure enough, they succeeded: but just as they reached the wall of the fortress on the top, and were about to leap over it, some geese in a temple close by, hearing them coming, set up a great cackling, or screaming, which roused the sentinel and soldiers on the wall; and then they prepared themselves, and as fast as the Gauls came on, one by one, they seized hold of them, and threw them headlong down the hill again. Thus these giant-like enemies never succeeded in entering the Capitol at all, but, after waiting around there for a long time, concluded at length that they would give up, and go away, if the

Romans would pay them a thousand pounds of gold.

“This was agreed upon; and they were weighing out the gold, and trying to make the balance even, when the great Gaulish king, Brennus, stepped up and threw his big broadsword into the scales, and cried out, ‘Woe to the conquered!’ and perhaps the poor Romans would all have been beaten and massacred before his eyes, had not, at that very moment, the brave general Camillus—the very one who had sent back the children and the schoolmaster—came up. He arrived with a large army of soldiers, and said that the gold should not be paid; and he was so resolute and determined, and so brave a general and soldier, that, instead, he fought with the Gauls, and conquered them, until they were glad to retreat out of the country.”

“Then poor Rome had to be built up again,” said the fairies, “after it had been all burned down?”

“Yes, indeed,” replied Glassée; “and I think

it was built better than it was before. Often it improves a city very much to be burned down, because the people have learned by that time to build better than they knew how to in the beginning."

"What useful geese they were," exclaimed Vial, "that gave warning when the Gauls were climbing up the hill! I should think they would have taken care of them ever after."

"They did," replied Glassée. "They were sacred geese, that belonged to the goddess Juno: that was her temple that they were in. Geese and peacocks and cuckoos were all consecrated to her: of course they were taken fine care of. In the old times, long ago, they used to feed the geese, that were consecrated, upon figs and such nice things, to make them fat and good-flavored: so I suppose these were served in the same manner, and were treated better than ever, after they had been the means of saving the city. For you must know, that, if the Gauls had taken the Capi-

tol, they might, perhaps, have kept possession of the city, and lived on in it forever."

"Oh, how sad and terrible that would have been!" all could not but exclaim. Glassée laughed outright. "Oh! I suppose they would have become civilized, and softened down in this beautiful country," she said: "only I am glad that they never did stop here; for I do not think that this city would have been so beautiful as it was if such great, shaggy, yellow-haired people as they were then had had the making of it."

They had had such a long, long sitting this day, that I presume the queen and all her fairy band could not have been at all sorry when Glassée seemed to have finished, although she had not quite completed all that she intended to relate at that time. But no matter: it would do quite as well the next day.

CHAPTER V.

THE ·FOURTH DAY.

WHEN they had all assembled on the morrow, Glassée eagerly began about the brave, brave old Regulus. What a noble old man he was! and how it makes one's heart beat to think how sturdily, devotedly, unselfishly he sacrificed himself for his country! At least, he was noble, patriotic, and unselfish according to the way of thinking in those times, when nobody was so troubled at the idea of making war as one is now, and when they thought it was the finest thing in the world to have an opportunity of fighting for one's country.

This is the story of the brave old Regulus. He went over to Africa with a large army of

soldiers, and fought with the Carthaginians, because they were at war with Rome. But, after a while, he was taken prisoner, and was thrust into a deep cell, and confined there with chains. His wife and children had been left in Rome; and, when he had been four years in the dungeon, the Carthaginians thought they would send him home, and let him try to make peace; for they were tired and weary of the war, and they supposed that he would be an admirable person for such a purpose. As he had been so long confined by chains and fetters, they thought he would be only too thankful to be free, and go home to his wife and children again. So they released him, and sent him home; but they made him promise to return to Carthage if he should not succeed in obtaining peace.

He came back then to Rome; but, when he had arrived at the gates of the city, he stopped, and would not pass in. All were surprised, and begged him to come to his home. But no: he said he was a *slave*, and therefore could not

go where free people were. Then the senators and consuls went outside of the city gate to talk with him; and he told them what the Carthaginians desired. They asked his advice; and he answered, "*Do not make peace.*" They were astonished, as, in that case, he would be obliged to return according to his word, and go into prison again, and they felt very badly about it; but he insisted that it *must* be so, because it would not be good for Rome, he said, to make peace then.

Then they all entreated him still to come into the city, and see his home once more; and his wife and his children sent and begged, again and again, that they might be permitted to go and see him: but he always refused. Perhaps he thought, that, if he should see them, he would no longer have courage to keep his word and return to his prison.

When the business was concluded, he bade farewell anew to Rome, and went straight back to Carthage, and announced that his countrymen

had decided not to make peace. He knew that he should be cruelly treated when the Carthaginians should hear these words; but he had made up his mind: and, although they put him to dreadful tortures, he remained as courageous as possible to the very last, and never repented of what he had done; for he felt that it was best for his country.

"I wish they would not have any wars," said Misty.

"So do I," said the queen: "it will be a long time, I know, before *I* shall make any, although I *am* queen!"

"Among the Carthaginians," continued Glassée, "there was a very distinguished general, whose name was Hannibal. He came from the hot, hot country of Africa, across the Mediterranean Sea, and landed in Europe. Then he marched and marched with his great army of soldiers up hill and down hill, through beautiful Spain, and across the swift-flowing River Rhone, over the cold, snowy

mountains of the Alps, until he came into the warm, pleasant country of Italy, and was coming straight towards Rome. He brought with him great elephants; and, when the people of Rome heard that this wonderful general and his formidable soldiers and enormous elephants were approaching, they were terrified, and did not know what in the world they should do.

“Then one of the generals — Scipio — said that he would go out and have a battle with the great Carthaginian, and prevent him from approaching the city. He went with all his troops; but he failed to conquer. Then Hannibal came on and on still;* but, to the great joy of the people, he did not stop at Rome, but went on to a city farther south (Capua), and stopped there all winter with his black Africans.”

“Were his soldiers black?” asked Vial.

“A question asked,” interpolated the secretary.

* On his way occurred the great battle of Lake Thrasymene, in which the Carthaginians obtained the victory.

"To be sure they were dark-colored, coming from Africa," replied the story-teller.

"And was Hannibal black too?" persisted the inquisitive fairy.

"Certainly," was the reply: "what else should he be? I do not suppose that he was like the negroes, exactly; but he was dark, like the people in the north of Africa." *

(The queen did not speak a word; but I rather think she was as glad as Vial to know about this.)

"In the luxurious city of Capua, where they stopped, Hannibal's soldiers grew idle, lazy, and weak, and were not worth half as much as before. Then Hannibal did not feel nearly as powerful with his army as he used to: but still he re-

* The Carthaginians were originally a Phœnician colony, and were, therefore, an Asiatic people; but after long dwelling on the coast of Africa, where Carthage was situated, they undoubtedly became somewhat mingled with the native inhabitants. Their soldiers were principally mercenaries, — that is, people hired from other countries, — and some of them were native Africans.

mained many years* in Italy, and then was called back to Carthage to defend his own country; for Scipio—son of the former Scipio—had gone there to attack it with his Roman soldiers. The two armies at length met at the town of Zama, near Carthage, where there was another great battle; and Hannibal was conquered at last, and had to flee away. He then went wandering about from country to country, feeling very sad and sorrowful.”

“Poor Hannibal!” sighed Misty; and “Poor Hannibal!” was echoed all round.

“But what became of Scipio?” said Vial.

“Yes, yes; let us hear what became of Scipio!” said the queen, forgetting her own injunction not to interrupt.

“Scipio came back with a long name,—Scipio Africanus,—because he had done such great things in Africa. He was praised, and thought a great deal of for a time; but at last he, too, fell into trouble, and went away from Rome, saying he

* Seventeen years.

would not live there any more. He went to the country near Naples, and lived in a pretty villa which he had by the side of the sea; and there he died.

“Poor Scipio, poor Scipio!” was again echoed all around.

“Scipio had a daughter named Cornelia, who was a celebrated lady, and was very highly educated. She had a beautiful house not many miles from her father’s villa, by the seaside, where she lived a part of the time. There she received many elegant and distinguished guests: very learned and polished men, even as far as from Greece, came to visit her. She had two sons and two daughters, and took great pains with their education. One day, a lady was calling upon her; and, as they were talking about jewels, the lady wished to see Cornelia’s: it was the custom in those times for a lady to show a visitor her jewels. Cornelia went out, and soon returned, leading her little boys by the hand, saying, ‘These are my jewels!’

“These sons were taught, as they grew up, that the common people should be well cared for, and protected in their rights; and, when they became men, they devoted their lives to doing them good in trying to obtain advantages for them,—such as their having more land to cultivate, and so forth. They were noble-minded and virtuous men. They made very eloquent speeches in the Forum,* and became so celebrated, that their names shine out now in Roman history like jewels indeed. They were called the Gracchi, because their father’s name was Gracchus.”

At that moment a gun was fired off in the villa, which seemed like an echo of Glassée’s last word (*crack-us!*), only ten million times louder. It shivered every elf into atoms; at least, they all vanished, and did not appear again for many hours after so terrible a fright!

* The place where public speeches were made and the business of the people was attended to.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIFTH DAY.

WE may know, although the fairies might not, that the gun which was fired off that day brought down some of those dear little brown thrushes that fly about so merrily in the garden and villa. Some sad *cacciatore* (sportsman) was looking for larks, and fired upon our pretty thrushes instead. The fat, pretty creatures! How gayly they chirp all the morning among the trees; and, long before dusky evening comes, they are snugly perched away there among the branches for their night's repose. It is wonderful how they cluster away in flocks, filling some particular trees full, full, with their little feathered bodies.

You shake the branches, or startle them but a

little, even, and out comes a whole myriad of birds, fluttering, twittering, in a manner as if they thought that perhaps an earthquake had taken place, and was demolishing their comfortable habitations: but you walk away, and soon they all go nestling back to their hidden-away perches, and settle themselves down a second time to their nightly nap; and with the gentle swaying of the boughs, and the green leafy curtains spread around, they need no better or more beautiful place in which to sleep.

How sagacious were those same little thrushes this summer,* when every morning on mamma's chamber window-sill was placed a large white dish full of bread, inviting the pretty creatures to come and eat! How familiarly they would flock to this enticing breakfast! and, before many hours, not a particle would be left. Alas! one day, down fell the dish,—far, far, to the ground below,—and

* The summer that the family spent in Rome, following the one spent at the Baths of Lucca. — See "Child-life in Italy."

broke into a thousand pieces!* Then a *black* dish was substituted, but filled with white bread all the same. The knowing creatures may have eyed it in the distance, but not once to the window-sill did they make their approach.

The next day, and the next, and the next, it was still the same: for two or three weeks, even, the sturdy little beings kept to their own counsels. Never, I presume they vowed, never, would they eat out of a *black dish*. In time, another white one was procured, and put in the place of the black one, filled, as usual, with bread; and not half an hour had elapsed before down they came, the feathered tribe, as if they had all the time been standing on the watch; and not a crumb did they leave in the dish that night.†

Why would they not eat from the black one?—the dainty things! Did some instinct bid them beware? Perhaps they thought that the fairies had been playing pranks upon their dish, and, not

* The window was sixty feet from the ground.

† The whole of the above story is a fact.

to get woven in a fairy-net, had kept themselves all aloof!

We know not how that may be; but of this we are aware: the report of the same gun that thrilled through the little birds, and took down so many of them, thrilled though the fairies also, and made them escape as if for their very lives. Whither they went never has been found out; for neither in a bush, nor under a leaf or flower, did they appear to be concealed. Quite invisible for hours did they remain; and when they came out, at length, it was with a flutter and tremor that made them appear still more fragile and fairy-like than ever. Oh, how dreadful must that gun have been to fairy nerves!—so dreadful, that it is a wonder they ever had boldness enough to venture out again. They certainly did keep hidden away for a long time: and it was even late the next day when they assembled as usual; so late, that Glassée thought she would not be able to tell half a story. But she lost not a moment in commencing; and

they all listened even more attentively than ever, to make up for the time lost.

What should she tell this time? Another story of Africa; or of an African prince, Jugurtha; of a prince who had roamed over those sandy deserts on the fleetest horses, — the very best horseman of all. He could ride at full gallop, and throw his lance or his spear with the surest aim; no doubt, just as the wild Arabs do now. He was also an excellent huntsman; and, in hunting a lion, he would always be the very first man, in his boldness and eagerness, to strike at him. He had a fine figure; was manly, strong, courageous, and brave. He had been educated with the king's sons in all the accomplishments that could be obtained in those days, — at least in Numidia, where was his home: but yet he was a barbarian, of barbarous times, as is shown by the little account he made of taking the life of any one who stood in his way; as that of his own cousins,* with whom he was brought up, and who were to share with him the throne. He

* Hiempsal and Adherbal, sons of the king, Micipsa.

put them and others to death without any mercy. When he got into great trouble with the Romans, he would often try to buy his escape from them; bribing them, offering great quantities of gold and silver: and the Romans — ah! many of them were too ready to receive it; for they were not so nobly honest and virtuous then as they had been in the olden times before, when any of them would have spurned such a corruption. But their prosperity, with the wealth they had acquired and the luxury they had indulged in, had lost to them many of their noble and upright qualities; so much so, that when Jugurtha was going away once, after a visit to Rome, he said there was a city to be bought, if there were any one to purchase it!

“But there was one Metellus, a consul at that time, who could not be bribed, and who resisted all Jugurtha’s offers.

“The Romans had formerly favored Jugurtha much; but when he had been so violent in his actions, and had come to be king, they had great disturbances with him, and a long war. He was

as fleet and expert with his soldiers as an Arab of the desert, and passed so rapidly from place to place, appearing suddenly in parts where they least expected him, that he was always escaping the hands of the Romans.

“At length, Metellus got the advantage of him ; and Jugurtha promised to yield up to the Romans a vast quantity of money, and weapons of war, and an immense number of horses and elephants : but, when he found that he must surrender himself too, then he retracted, and the war was begun all over again.

“At last, it was ended by two men, Marius and Sylla. The latter was then but a young officer, a lieutenant of the former. Some friends of Jugurtha had promised the Romans to betray him to them ; and even his own father-in-law, after long holding out, and fighting side by side with him, at length delivered him into the hands of the lieutenant Sylla, who sent him a prisoner to Marius. Then Marius returned to Rome, and had a splendid procession, a triumph, up to the Capitol ;

himself in a chariot, and Jugurtha, king though he had been, led behind him in chains, with two young sons by his side.

“Now, at the foot of the hill, just before you go up the steps to the Capitol, there is a deep, dark prison * on the side of the road; and it was the custom in those days to put distinguished prisoners, or prisoners of state, there: thus, when they had arrived opposite the door of the prison, it was thrown open, and poor Jugurtha was carried into its cold, damp dungeons; but his courage and bravery did not forsake him, and he even uttered a jest as he was placed in the cell. ‘The stoves are cold,’ he said, ‘in Rome!’ Brought from warm, sunny Africa to end his days in that ‘dismal swamp,’ as it were; for there is a spring of water always standing in the bottom of the dungeon, making it damp and chilly.† There he remained until he died.”

* The Mamertine Prison.

† This is the same prison in which St. Peter and St. Paul are supposed to have been placed, when they were in Rome.

Here almost every fairy became rebellious. Pity and grief seemed to be bursting from every heart. "Oh, what sad stories the stories of people are!" they thought.

And we — do we not feel sad for Jugurtha? We do feel sad for him. He could not perhaps have had any but an unhappy fate, whatever it might have been; as, with all his courageous qualities and splendid accomplishments, he had also been a man of many dark deeds in his lifetime. But we cannot judge the men of that period just as we do those of our own; for those were barbarous times in a measure, and men's minds all around were darkened, as they had not the light of the gospel that we have; for this was many years before our Saviour was born.

Although men could have lived noble lives even then had they not yielded to temptation, they were so beset by it on every side, having lost most of the light which God had given them in their hearts and consciences, that we can only pity, not judge or condemn them; for even at this day,

with all our advantages, exceedingly wicked things are done. We should like that Jugurtha should have had a better fate ; but we can only hope and pray that henceforth all times and all people may be growing more and more enlightened and more virtuous and happy.

Glassée resumed : “ Rome had now grown to be a great, great city. Much of Africa and Spain and Greece had been fought with, and conquered ; and riches had been poured in from all quarters, — gold, silver, and precious things, from all countries. Hundreds of thousands of persons filled the streets, and houses and temples spread for miles around. But in the midst of all this luxury, prosperity, and success, another terrible enemy began to appear, — more terrible than any they had known before. A huge, fearful people, more formidable even than the Gauls, were seen coming from the far north ; for they belonged near the Baltic Sea. They wore great shaggy helmets, at least some of them, those who were mounted on horses, — helmets made of

the heads of wolves and bears, which, set on their own heads, must have made them look half bears or wolves, and half men!

“Their immense armies of three hundred thousand men, as they covered the great plains, hillsides, and roads in their journey or their march, stretched as far as the eye could see. And these giants, as they seemed to be, had with them their wives and their children; for these people — would you believe it? — were the ancestors of the Germans, that nation in the centre of Europe which is now so civilized, so learned, so humane, and accomplished.

“Historians say that ‘this was their first distinct appearance in history; and a formidable appearance it was.’ But the Germans then, as well as now, were fond of domestic life, and of their wives and children, and therefore carried them with them whenever they emigrated to other lands. And now they were coming, all uncivilized as they were, to take possession of the sunny, beautiful, cultivated country of Italy!

“These huge people, as they were then, with their streaming flaxen hair and light blue eyes (which we should think might have given them a mild instead of a frightful expression), were an astonishment and a terror to the Romans ; and Marius, the same one who conquered Jugurtha, had to make his soldiers long accustomed to them before they would dare to fight.

“These wild people were divided into two portions ; and one part — the Teutones — came around by the way of Gaul (which is now France), plundering and burning the towns as they passed, and causing the inhabitants to flee from their happy homes. But Marius, with his Roman army, was all ready to meet them in the south of France, where the pleasant town of Arles now stands ; and there, after a great and terrible battle, he defeated and demolished them, so that there were scarcely any left to wander home again to their country near the Baltic Sea.

“The other portion, the Cimbri, came straight down across the frozen barrier of the Alps, and

were reaching the sunny plains of Italy as fast as they could, when they were surprised to find what a great nation the Romans were; for their government and rule extended all round about: and they began to think they had better enter the country peaceably, if possible, instead of as an enemy. So they tried to make a bargain, that if the Romans would give them land for themselves and their 'brothers' the Teutones, who were coming by the way of Gaul, they would not fight with them. They had not learned what terrible destruction Marius had brought upon their 'brothers the Teutones.' So Marius (who had already hastened back to Italy to meet the Cimbri) told them it was of no use; that their brothers were no more, and had all the land they would ever want! He, huge soldier as he, too, was,—for Marius was a great, rough man,—had no idea of letting this fierce, hostile people settle down upon the peaceful, fertile fields of Italy: therefore, hot as it was, in the very middle of summer, he had another fearful combat with

them ; and the Cimbri would perhaps have got the better of him, and were even on the very point of gaining the victory, when they pretended to retreat, in order to draw the Romans after them. This brought the sun right in their faces when the battle commenced again, so that, their eyes being dazzled by the glare and the bright glancings of the Roman swords and spears, they gave way, and at last were obliged to yield ; and thus Rome was saved from those terrible destroyers, as such they would have been."

"But," said Vial (forgetting to what number her interruptions and questionings from time to time had amounted), "perhaps they would not have destroyed Rome : they might have settled down peaceably and come to be a civilized people, and their condition would have been a great deal better than it was before."

"But they did not know how to value civilization and all the civilized ways they would have found in Rome," Glassée replied ; "and I suppose they would have done just as the Gauls did

three hundred years before, and just as the Goths and the Vandals did five hundred years afterwards, when they came and plundered and pillaged every thing, and carried off or destroyed the beautiful marble statues and other works of art."

"What bad times Rome did have!" exclaimed all the fairies.

"But I do not think these events were half as bad," said Glassée, "as the things they sometimes did among themselves,—as the civil war, for instance, between that very Marius and Sylla, when thousands of persons were massacred in the streets, which made dreadfully unhappy times among the people."

They all agreed, unless it were Vial and Pebble, who would have gone on listening to any extent, no matter how awful the accounts might be, that almost all the stories ended in such a distressing way, that they had no desire to hear any more such; and Glassée said, that, the next time, she would tell a different kind altogether.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SIXTH DAY.

THE fairies felt happy again after their pleasant, busy occupations of one kind and another ; and so do we in recounting them. Misty had found a poor, tiny, green lizard, with a broken leg ; and, as she was such a tender little thing that she could never bear to witness any pain, she flew to the stout-hearted Pebble to get her to do something for the suffering creature. Pebble had the right sort of medicament exactly ; and, when the unfortunate little animal was asleep, she poured this into the bruised and broken part ; and, before morning, the delicate bone had quite knit together again.

The two companions went early to see if it

was restored; and the little lizard had not yet crept from its hiding-place in the soft grass close by the stone wall, where it was accustomed to run in and out twenty times a day, and where they had found it the day before. But, as they looked, it awoke, and turned up its little bright eyes to them, as much as to say, "Are you the kind fairies, who, when I came wounded to this place, healed me, and now let me go out well? I thank you with all my heart." And with that its little heart went beating pitapat, pitapat, as if it were half frightened too. In a minute it gave a little start, and then another and another, and went darting away among the grass under the tall shrubbery.

The two fairies had had real pleasure in doing for the poor lizard what they could, like the little girl who has a lame brother to tend. She says to him, "Johnny, shall I draw you a pretty picture?" and she takes her slate, and sits down and amuses him for half an hour. Then she says, "Johnny, shall I play with you?" or, "Shall I

read to you?" And so, when the poor lame brother gets well, she will be as glad and happy in her heart as the fairies, because she had done for him all that she could.

So busy had the little elves been in this way and that, that they were quite glad, when loun-ging-time came, for their rest and quiet story. Although Glassée had been not the least busy of them all that day, she was as prompt as any; and they were curiously wondering what sort of stories her head was filled with now, that would be so different from any thing they had heard before. But she, mum and quiet, yet looking very archly all the while, said not a word until the queen waved her wand for silence; and then she began:—

"I am going to tell you of another race of beings, the gods and goddesses, who lived here in those times,—at least, people *thought* they did,—of Jupiter and Juno and Apollo and Diana, and of nymphs and naiads and fawns

and satyrs; and of the Olympian Palace, where the gods and goddesses dwelt.

“This celestial dwelling was on the top of the lofty Mount Olympus, in Greece. Of course we could not see this royal palace from the earth below; for it was up in the blue ether, invisible to mortals, like a fairy-palace. Its walls were the rosy clouds; and its roof was the golden sun by day, and the sparkling, shining stars by night. The road by which the divinities—the gods and goddesses—came to the Olympian Palace was that path along the heavens strewn so thick and white with stars, which is called the ‘Milky Way.’ Here, ever and anon, on this starry road, they travelled when going on some errand, or when summoned to Olympus for some grand council. The gates, which opened and shut as they went in and out, were the pearl-like clouds,—just fit for such invisible beings.”

“Were they invisible?” inquired Vial and Pebble, almost in a breath, as they sat side by side. The question was not replied to; but down

went a mark by the secretary, where she sat, quiet and staid, at her duty.

“The keeper of the great, huge gate of all was Janus. He had two faces, — one looking forward, and the other backward, because a door opens forward and backward. Or it means that he could look forward into future things, or backward into things past. Sometimes a great temple would be built in honor of Janus. There was one in Rome in those old days; and the rule was, that in time of war it should be open, but in time of peace kept shut: and in all of those long years that I have been telling you about it was shut only twice,* which shows what a warlike people the Romans were.

“The great king who ruled in this palace, as they believed, over the gods and over men, — the

* It is said to have been closed in the reign of Numa, and but twice afterwards in the long period of seven hundred years. The last time was in the reign of the Emperor Augustus, when the whole Roman Empire was at peace; and it was during this period that our Saviour was born.

Romans as well as the Greeks,—was the mighty Jupiter. He was so majestic, and his curling locks were so long and weighty, that, if he but nodded his head, the earth trembled beneath him! He held in his hand tremendous thunder-bolts, which he hurled when occasion demanded, and also scattered the forked lightnings far and wide. He superintended the affairs of the other deities; and, gods and goddesses though they were, they had to obey his commands. He reconciled them to each other when they had quarrels, and rewarded them with happiness when they behaved bravely and well.

“But, though so grand and dignified, Jupiter had all sorts of pleasures and pastimes too. He could go in disguise wherever he liked. Once he, and Mercury his son, came to a little town to see if the inhabitants were hospitable; and they went from door to door, begging a night’s shelter and lodging. Every one turned them away until they came to a poor old couple, who gladly, as they were strangers, took them

in. Then the wife busied herself, stirred up the fire, and made things as comfortable and bright as she could, and went about to get the nicest supper her poor household afforded,—bacon and eggs and cheese and olives and honey, and some wine in a rough earthen pitcher. Now, as they all sat eating and drinking, Baucis and Philemon—for these were the names of the old couple—were very much surprised to see that the pitcher kept filling up as fast as they poured out the wine.

“Then, to their astonishment, they perceived who the travellers, their guests, were; that they were celestial beings who had come to visit them; and they immediately ran to take a goose which they had, to sacrifice to them: but Jupiter said no; that should not be. Then he told them that he was going to punish all the other inhabitants of the place for their inhospitality, but should save them; and he wished them to go out of the house. When they had gone as far as to the top of a hill, they saw the place wholly turned

into a lake of water but their own little thatched cottage, which still remained. And lo! presently, as they looked, it began to change into a beautiful temple, with columns and marble floors and a golden roof! and there, by Jupiter's permission, they were to live all the rest of their days, and be the keepers of this sacred temple.

“A great favor that Jupiter had allowed this old couple to ask was also granted, — that, as they had lived and grown old together in happy peace and concord, they might both depart from life at the same moment, — that neither might see the other die. So, when the time arrived that they had come to be very old, one day, as they were talking very pleasantly to each other, young green leaves began to sprout around the head of Baucis and around Philemon's head at the same moment, and soon a whole garland of foliage and thick bark grew up around them; and, as their eyes and lips were just ready to close, they bade each other adieu in the very same breath, and neither saw the other depart. The good old Baucis thus

became a graceful linden-tree, and her good old husband a noble oak, both standing side by side.

“Mercury, who accompanied Jupiter,* and who was his son, was also his fleet and trusty messenger ; for on his feet, when he wished to go swiftly, he fastened beautiful sandals with magic wings, and on his head he wore a little fairy-winged cap. In his hand he carried a golden wand, with which he could settle all manner of quarrels and disputes ; so that one day, as he was passing along, and saw too fiery, venomous serpents attacking each other with all their might, he put his golden wand between them, and, behold ! like tame and gentle creatures they crept softly up, and twined lovingly around the head of the magical wand !

* As a further illustration of those times will be remembered the instance mentioned in the Bible, when, in a city of Asia Minor, the apostles Paul and Barnabas were supposed to be Jupiter and Mercury come down in the likeness of men ; and oxen were eagerly brought, garlanded with flowers, as was the custom, to be sacrificed to them by the people and by the priest of Jupiter. — See Acts, chap. xiv.

Therefore, on the wand of Mercury, which is called the *caduceus*, we now always see carved the serpents' heads.

“The wife of Jupiter, and Queen of Olympus, was the tall, dignified, splendid Juno. The chariot in which she drove about was drawn by elegant peacocks, their spreading tails all sparkling with a hundred star-like eyes. It was curious, the way in which they obtained those eyes. There was a strange being whose name was Argus, and who had a hundred eyes ; but only a portion of them slept at once, which made him an excellent person to watch, having always some of his eyes wide open. Therefore, once upon a time, Juno set Argus upon the duty of watching : but unfortunately he got killed ; and then Juno took his many eyes, and spangled them all over the tails of her peacocks !

“The messenger whom Juno had to wait upon her was Iris, of the beautiful rainbow. When Iris had a far-off errand to go for her queen, she spread the arch with its many colors — purple

and violet, orange, crimson, and gold — far over the heavens, and sped along it on her magic way.

(If you had been observing closely enough, you would have seen Rosy and Misty and Dewdrop all whispering together that that was the way they “should like to go!”)

“Many a beautiful temple was built for the worship of the Queen of Olympus; and that was one of them in Rome where the sacred geese were kept which cackled, and saved the Capitol.

“But, with all her stateliness and splendor, Juno was not a happy queen, I think. She had many a vexation and sorrow and trouble: one was, that Jupiter once fastened a chain to her, and lowered her down from the edge of Mount Olympus, with a great heavy anvil hanging on each foot!”

“Oh, dear! oh, dear!” murmured each little fairy under her breath. “And this husband, Jupiter,” continued Glassée, “often did many things which made her exceedingly jealous: so it is no wonder that she was often an unhappy queen.

“Jupiter had twelve dancing, happy daughters, called the Hours: and every morning, when the blushing Dawn, or Aurora, began to rise, they went before her, parting the clouds, and driving away the stars; or by her side, scattering rosy flowers all along the way.”

Glassée, maybe, did not know, but we know, that there is a most beautiful painting of this in Rome. It belongs to a palace* which was not far from our villa, and where we sometimes went in a morning, with Nannine and Gianina, to see this picture, and to saunter in the pleasant grounds. In the pretty garden is a *casino*,—a kind of cottage, or small building; and on a ceiling in it—right over one’s head—is this lovely picture, painted in beautiful colors. There is the chariot of the Sun, drawn by four prancing,

* The Rospigliosi Palace. This fresco of Guido, “Guido’s Aurora,” of which we often see copies, is the most celebrated of this subject. Another very beautiful Aurora is that of Guercino, in the Ludovisi Villa in Rome.

spirited horses ; and Aurora, like a beautiful woman, is scattering bright flowers before it as it advances. All around are the Hours, seven of them, like graceful women too, gayly advancing by the side of the chariot.

Glassée continued : “ Besides this, it was the duty of the Hours to go and harness the fiery steeds to the chariot of the Sun, when he was ready to begin his rounds of going through the heavens, that he might look down upon the earth, and warm and enlighten it as he passed along. A dreadful thing once happened when his son Phaëton, who did not know that he was his son, — but some one had told him so, and he wished to prove it, — came and asked his father to let him drive the chariot for one day.”

“ The father, who was Apollo, and who was god of the sun, refused for a long time, because he knew that he only could guide those fiery coursers safely through the heavens. But Phaëton was determined to try, and he persisted until Apollo consented ; but when he mounted the chariot, and

seized the reins, the celestial horses knew immediately that they were guided by an unpractised hand, and they darted off in the most furious speed. It was impossible for Phaëton to hold them back. They flew like lightning through the sky, plunging hither and thither, and carried the chariot off the track; and it tottered fearfully from one side to the other, and came down so near the earth, with the burning sun in it, that the ground began to parch and to smoke, and the waters to dry up. The fishes dived to the lowest depths of the sea, and the animals on the land gasped for breath in the heated atmosphere. Every thing was up in arms. The earth was all on fire!

“Seeing this terrible confusion and disaster, Jupiter called the gods to council, and said that something must immediately be done. Then, with a great thunderbolt in his hand, he stood upon the top of Mount Olympus, and, aiming at the foolish, unskilful boy-driver, Phaëton, he hurled it directly upon him, and precipitated him straight

down to the earth! He fell to the bottom of a deep river, and was drowned.

“But I was telling you about the Hours, whose business it was to harness those fiery horses of the sun. They had also to attend upon the Seasons, letting them in and out of the great gates of heaven, which was Olympus.

“First came the gentle and pleasant Spring, with baskets of garlands and flowers, scenting the air with sweets; and, loosing the silvery streams and fountains, she sent them singing and trickling all over the fields. Then came the blooming, glorious Summer, bearing golden fruit, and with the sickle in her hand, ready to harvest the ripening grain; and Autumn, with the yellow sheaves bound round her hair, and with stores of corn and wine. When each of these had gone her round, she was let back again into heaven; and the chilly, quiet, but happy Winter stepped out with all his icy sports.

“Besides the Hours, Jupiter had nine famous daughters called the Muses. You would think

they must have been very grave and dignified: but they did all sorts of things,—dancing, and making music too; and their duty was to assist and inspire people when they wished to do those same things. For instance, one was the Muse of poetry: therefore, when any mortal desired to write a poem, he begged this goddess to give him her aid and instruction. One was the Muse of history, and her name was Clio; another was the Muse of astronomy, and she was called Urania. The Muse of eloquence was Polyhymnia; that of grand, heroic poetry was Calliope; and the Muse of comic poetry was named Thalia. Melpomene was the Muse of tragedy; Erato, of love; Euterpe, of Music; and Terpsichore, of dancing.

“These all lived in Greece. Their favorite abodes were on the mountains Pindus, Parnassus, and Helicon, where there were limpid streams and crystal fountains. One of these fountains was so silvery clear and bright, like a mirror, that once when a boy, Narcissus, had been roaming around,

tired and thirsty, he came to it to drink. As he leaned over the edge, he saw a beautiful image reflected from it. He was fascinated with the picture; for he had never seen any thing so lovely as the bright eyes and curling locks and rosy cheeks: but he did not know it was the shadow of himself; so he fell quite in love with it.

“He called it to come to him; but it did not move. Then he stooped down to touch it: but that frightened the image away; and he was frightened himself, when he put out his hands, and felt only the icy-cold water. But he was so enchanted, that, if he went away, he was forced to come back again to look at the charming figure. He forgot to eat and to sleep, and could think of nothing but the beautiful image. Thus, every day, he sat by the fountain; and because he could not reach the fairy form, or because it would not come to him, he mourned and lamented, and finally pined away until he died. And there, in his place, grew up a beautiful

white-and-purple flower, which is called by his name, Narcissus."

Unfortunate end for beauty! *we* might say; but the fairies only thought that that must be the very flower they had loved to creep into many a time.

"Were those all of Jupiter's daughters?" Vial ventured to ask, half under her breath; for she was desirous of hearing more of the Olympian family.

"No," resumed Glassée: "there were the three lovely Graces; sweet, affectionate, loving sisters, kind and gentle, graceful and pleasing in all their ways. I believe that none of the invisible beings were more thought of than these. Everywhere temples were raised to them, where fragrant incense was always burning in their honor. Their names were Aglaia (splendor), Thalia (pleasure), and Euphrosyne (joy). In pictures and on gems they are represented with their arms intertwined, or holding each other gracefully by the hand.

"Now I must tell you how all these divinities were

supposed to live in their wonderful palace, — what they ate and what they drank. Their food was the celestial ambrosia, a sweet and delicious juice, and so magical in its effects, that those who partook of it never grew old, as it kept them always young and fresh. Even the spirited horses that drew the chariot of the sun were fed upon ambrosia. Sometimes, when the deities wished to take a mortal into favor, they would give him this celestial food, and he would grow as strong and beautiful and graceful as the gods themselves, — almost. But the nectar — oh, no! they never gave him the nectar to drink : that was for the immortals alone. It was more ethereal and exquisite than any thing you can imagine. The graceful nymph who passed it round was the lovely Hebe, — the fair, fresh goddess of bright and beautiful youth. Her statues were made crowned with flowers, and holding in her hand the cup of nectar. But unfortunate cup-bearer she was ; for one day, when passing the celestial drink to the king of the gods, she stumbled and fell, to the great displeasure

of Jupiter, who would never endure that she should be his cup-bearer again. She was not discarded, however, from the heavens, because she was the goddess of perpetual youth ; but afterwards, when the great, heroic Hercules, who had performed all sorts of wonderful things, was transferred, as a reward for his deeds, from the earth to the heavens, then the beautiful Hebe was given to him for a wife !

“ When this lovely cup-bearer was lost to Jupiter, he sent to the earth—or rather he went himself, under the form of an eagle—his pet and favorite bird, because it can soar so loftily into the sky, and is the king of all the birds. Under the form of an eagle, therefore, Jupiter came down to earth, and seized upon a handsome youth,—so handsome, that there was nobody like him,—and carried him close in his talons, far, far up, through the blue ether, to the top of Olympus, there to take the place of the unfortunate Hebe. Thus Ganymede—that was his name—became the cup-bearer ; and very probably, at first, he took many a lesson

of the blushing Hebe, that he might learn how to fulfil his new vocation to the perfect satisfaction of the great King of Olympus.

“While the gods and goddesses were sipping the luxurious nectar, Apollo, who was the god of music as well as the god of the sun, charmed them by most beautiful music on his magical lyre. I call it magical, because it gave forth such wonderfully beautiful sounds; but what do you suppose it was made of? Nothing but a tortoise-shell, with linen cords strung across it from side to side, fastened to holes made through the edges! But it was a lyre fit for a divinity; for it poured forth such harmonious strains, that it charmed both the gods and men.

“But Apollo could do something besides making sweet music on his lyre. He had a quiver full of arrows, and a silver bow; and when any old man died, going gently and peacefully out of the world, it was said that Apollo had shot him with his silver bow, that he might go to live with the immortals.

“But once he had a terrible monster to contend with, — the serpent Python, which was a great plague and terror to men ; but he destroyed it. Apollo was of so noble and perfect a beauty, and stood with such majestic grace when shooting with his magic bow, — for all about him was magical, — that it makes his statue, the Apollo Belvedere,* the most beautiful one in the world. There he stands, with a god-like face and figure, looking just ready to pierce with his quivering arrow the terrible serpent.

“Apollo it was too, and his sister Diana, who shot with their fatal weapons the seven sons and seven daughters of Queen Niobe. She, an ambitious woman, not content with being queen, as she was, of the great city of Thebes, and glittering with gold and jewels, and looking beautiful, and being the happy mother of so many sons and daughters, was jealous because she was not worshipped as a deity, as Latona the mother of Apollo was ; and,

* The most celebrated of all the statues of Apollo. It is in the Vatican Gallery in Rome.

when the festival of Apollo and his mother came round, she persuaded the people not to bring offerings in their service. But, for this, terrible suffering and misfortune awaited her; because the gods and goddesses would not allow their worship to be neglected. So Apollo and Diana, all invisible in the clouds, came and stood upon the glittering pinnacles of the city, both with their quivers and fatal bows in their hands. Being a festival day, all sorts of games were going on in a great field outside of the city walls; and there were the sons of Niobe,—some at the game of wrestling, and others riding on splendid horses or driving in dashing chariots. But, behold! one after another of them was singled out by the invisible Apollo and Diana from their pinnacles, and arrow after arrow was aimed at them, which, as they flew, pierced them in the breast, or in the side, or in their limbs, till all, one by one, had fallen lifeless to the ground!

“Niobe was struck with terror and astonishment; but she well knew what hands had dealt

the fatal blows, and, though pale with sorrow and grief, she bore bravely up. Had she not seven beautiful daughters left? — for she never thought that the angry goddess (it was Latona who was instigating all this) would deprive her of *them* also: so she still stood in her pride and dignity as the mother of seven beautiful maidens.

“But she little knew the relentless mother of Apollo, who would never cease from her work until all was done. And so, as the sisters were gathered there, weeping sadly over the bodies of their brothers slain, arrow after arrow again sped from the fatal bows, until they, too, lay silent and dead at their mother’s feet,—all save one, who was tightly clasped in her parent’s embrace. Then Niobe was at length overcome, and she cried out in her distress, ‘Spare me one, but this one, out of them all!’ But it was now too late: the bow was already bent; and, at that very moment, *this* one, too, fell lifeless from her arms.

“Then Niobe, motionless and desolate, stood sorrow-stricken. She made no sound; her lips no longer moved, nor did her cheek flush again; but white and marble-like she remained, and became inanimate and rigid as a stone. Indeed, she was changed to a rock, and was carried to a mountain-side; and a little stream of water running down the rock showed how her tears had flowed.”

“Oh, what a story! It is as terrible as the stories of real people!” exclaimed all the little fairies at once.

“Yes, but what can you do?” replied Glassée; “because the gods and goddesses were very much like real people: they were invisible, it is true; but they did very much such things as people do, only there was magic in all their doings. For instance, Apollo’s sister, Diana, was a beautiful huntress. The woods and groves were sacred to her; and there she wandered with her quiver and bow and her graceful hounds, amusing herself with the excitements of the chase. Many a

fair woodland nymph she had to attend her ; and many a pretty cave, shaded with vines and cypress-trees, gave her refreshing shelter after her fatiguing sports. One day she was resting in such a beautiful retreat, sacred to her, and which no mortal should dare to enter, when Actæon, the son of a king, was out hunting a stag among the mountains, with some of his young companions. In their wanderings they came accidentally upon the shaded grotto where Diana had been reclining with her nymphs, and was then laving her weary limbs in a sparkling fountain of cool, delicious water within the cave ; and Actæon, coming unfortunately before the opening of the cave, was seen by the maidens, who, alarmed, sprang to protect the goddess from his sight. But she, starting up with indignation at having her retreat intruded upon, as she believed, was going to seize her bow, and pierce him with an arrow upon the spot ; but, it not being within her reach, she dashed some water into his face, and, lo ! he was no longer a man ! Long antlers began to

grow from his forehead ; and his arms became fore-legs, reaching to the ground ; and his hands were turned into hoofs ; and a hairy, spotted skin covered all his body : and so he became a stag like those he had been hunting ! And all this was done by Diana's magic power.

“But it was not in merely flitting over the mountain-tops and through the dewy glades, hunting the stag or chasing the deer, that Diana spent her time. She was the goddess of the moon, as Apollo was god of the sun : and as he guided the sun day by day in its fiery chariot, and kept it steady in its course, to give light and heat and nourishment to the earth ; so she, night after night, led the soft and gentle moon to light up the dusky shades of the earth, and pour its mild beams upon the sleeping inhabitants. Then it was, that, one still, bright, moonlight night, she saw a beautiful shepherd-boy, Endymion, tending his flocks upon the mountain-side. But, as he sat there in the quiet time, he fell asleep ; and he looked so fair and lovely in his sleeping, that

Diana, in the form of a moonbeam, stooped down and kissed him ; and ever after she watched over him and his flock, that they might be ever prosperous, — no mishap coming to him or to them.

“ When Diana is represented as the goddess of the moon, she has the pretty crescent on her head ; but in many statues she only stands as a huntress, with her bow and arrow, and the dogs by her side.

“ Among the Alban Hills, a few miles from Rome, is a small, lovely, glassy lake, called Nemi.* The green, steep banks around make a deep frame, as it were ; and, within, the water is as smooth and bright as a mirror. This was the looking-glass of Diana, — so it was called in olden times ; and when she stood there reflected in the glassy water, her short tunic, hunting-dress, and sandals on her feet, the quiver on her shoulder, the silver bow in her hand, and her favorite hounds by her side, and her train of sixty fleet

* See “ Child-life in Italy.”

and graceful nymphs,—which was the number when they were all together,—what a pretty fairy sight it must have been !

“A sad misfortune happened once to one of the nymphs of Diana’s train,—Echo. This was not received from Diana’s hand, however, but was caused by the power of Juno, the Queen of Olympus. Echo was a great talker, and, like many an other, she would always manage to have the last word. One day, Juno had great reason to be vexed with her ; and, for a punishment, she told her that she might still continue to have the last word, but she should be deprived of the power of saying any thing else : so that now poor Echo has to be contented with just making the hills and dales resound to the last word of a sentence.”

“And that is what we often hear murmuring among the mountains!” said the fairies.

“I must tell you about Jupiter’s most beautiful daughter Venus, or Aphrodite as she was

sometimes called. She was of such a soft, gentle beauty, that she was called the goddess of Love and the goddess of Beauty. She had a magical birth; for she came from the white foam of the sea, and was wafted along to the shores of the beautiful Island of Cyprus,* which became one of her principal homes, and the country all around was consecrated to her.

“Beautiful statues were made, and placed in the temples sacred to her. There were so many executed from time to time, that you would think that every artist must have sculptured a Venus. Some of these became buried at length in the ground, and lay there for long years, centuries perhaps; and now they have been found and preserved, so that we can see many of the very same marble figures of this goddess that the ancients looked upon.†

* From this island she is sometimes called the Cyprian Venus; and from Paphos, a city on the island, she is called Paphia; and from the island of Cythera, which was also sacred to her, she is called Cytheræ.

† These ancient statues are in the museums and sculpture-

“The story of Venus is this: When she first came out of the sea, the *Horæ*—Hours—took her, and put on her a celestial dress, with ornaments, and placed a golden crown upon her head. She wore a girdle called the *cestus*, which gave to every one who wore it such fascinating powers, that sometimes Juno borrowed it when she had a favor to ask of the king, Jupiter, and wished to appear very charming. For companions, Jupiter allowed Venus the three sister Graces. When she had occasion to cross the water, her chariot was a large conch-shell, drawn by Tritons,—curious creatures, half fish and half man. But often she was drawn by swans, and sometimes by doves. The rose and the myrtle were her favorite plants: the rose, because it is the most beautiful of all flowers, I suppose; and the myrtle, because it gave her her first shelter upon the shore, when she sprang from the waves of the sea.

“Now, with all this, Venus had led a peaceful

galleries of different cities. The *Venus de Medici*, in Florence, is the most celebrated.

life, taking care of herself, and cultivating her charms. But she had a son, Cupid, who always carried with him a little enchanted bow and arrow; and when he, in his mischief, desired to make one person love another very much, he would pierce him with an arrow so artfully and successfully, that the individual would be half-distracted with pain and excitement, and would never rest until the beloved object could be obtained. Unfortunately for his mother, as she was playing with him one day, she became wounded with one of his arrows; so that the very first person she saw afterwards she fell in love with: and for his sake she changed her mode of life, and roamed about the woods, chasing the stag and the deer like a huntress; for Adonis, whom she loved, was a brave hunter, although a most beautiful youth.

“Venus was very happy going about with Adonis: but she never became bold enough to follow the wild animals which he was fond of hunting; she pursued only the more timid and

gentle ones. Once she cautioned her lover very earnestly not to carry his courage too far, but to take care of himself for her sake; and she charged him to be sure and not attack a wild boar. But just as she had left him, after giving this advice, and was not far away, the dogs that Adonis had with him routed that very creature; and the young hunter, with all his ambition aroused, threw his spear at it. Then, soon, over the water where Venus was sailing in her conch-shell, on her way to her island home, moaning sounds and groans were heard. She turned, and retraced her course; when, alas! she beheld the lifeless body of her beloved Adonis bathed in blood. The infuriated wild boar she had dreaded had torn him with his tusks. Venus mourned and lamented, and tore her hair; then took some nectar, the wine of the gods, and poured it upon the ground, where the blood of Adonis was flowing, and said that it should be turned into a flower which should be a memorial of him. This was the anemone, which is as short-lived as he was, — soon fading away.

“The most remarkable thing of all was that the beautiful Venus should have for her husband the great, swarthy, giant-like blacksmith, Vulcan. And more than that, he was lame in his feet, and limped when he walked. Whether he was born lame, or whether he became so by falling, we do not know; but, at any rate, he was tumbled headlong out of Olympus, and was not allowed to live there. He did go back again, however, and was once put in Ganymede’s place to hand round the nectar-cup; but they all shouted out, and ridiculed him, he was so awkward, shuffling, and ungainly. But, although he did such awkward and comical things that he was always the laughing-stock of all in Olympus, I think he was the most interesting and the most wonderful of all the divinities; he worked so industriously, and did such splendid things, and all by his genius. On Olympus he had a great work-shop with twenty bellows, which did just as he bade them; and his own arm was wonderfully strong in bringing down the great, ponderous hammer upon the anvil. Here he

forged the tremendous thunderbolts for Jupiter ; and Jupiter was so grateful for this, that he gave him the beautiful Venus for a wife.

“I cannot tell you of all the beautiful, ingenious, and wonderful things that Vulcan wrought. He forged the little arrows for Cupid ; he made a throne of gold for his own mother, from which, however, when she sat down, she found she could not rise again : and no help was of any use to her ; for nobody could unloose her but Vulcan himself, who had made the throne. He made, also, some wonderful dogs of gold and silver, which guarded the house of a king ; and some golden maidens to wait upon himself, who could walk and talk ; and a man of brass for King Minos of Crete, who walked around the island three times every day to guard it. He also made little tripods — three-legged stools — for himself, on wheels, and which would go back and forth of their own accord ; and the immense brazen cup which held the chariot and horses of the sun as they went round the world every day.

“But the most beautiful of all was a suit of enchanted armor (enchanted because made by Vulcan) which he manufactured for the famous warrior Achilles during the war of Troy. Achilles had lent his to a friend, and it had been taken by the enemy; and with it went all the power and valor of Achilles; at least, he could not make such an impression upon the Trojans without his armor as with it. So his mother, finding him sad and disconsolate,—but he was disconsolate for the loss of his friend, as well as for the armor,—went to Vulcan to beseech him to make another suit. The artist divinity, sooty and dusty in his blacksmith’s shop, on hearing that she had come, took some water and a sponge, and washed his face, neck, and hands, that he might go respectably into the presence of a woman (she was a half-goddess too), and then most kindly listened to all her request, and at once obligingly laid aside the work that he was doing, and labored so industriously and indefatigably upon the suit of armor, that it was all made and completed in one night.

There was a splendid shield made of five thicknesses of metal, — two of brass, two of tin, and an upper one of gold, embossed all over with beautiful figures ; and a helmet surmounted with gold ; and all the armor fitted him in size and figure, exactly as if Achilles had been there to be measured for it. ”

“ How good old Vulcan was ! ” said Vial, after the long silence that she had kept.

“ Well, besides that, ” said Glassée, “ he shed tears once when he was obliged to make chains, — for he durst not disobey the king of the gods, — when he was obliged to make chains to fasten the unfortunate Prometheus to a rock. Prometheus had displeased Jupiter because he had put together some earth and water and moulded it into the form of a man, and then had gone up to get a spark of fire from the sun to give it life. Jupiter was offended, — perhaps he was jealous, — and had Prometheus chained to a rock for a long, long time, where birds came and preyed upon him.

“ Did he really get the fire ? ” asked Pebble,

thinking more of the daring deed than of the unhappy punishment Prometheus suffered.

“He tried twice, and succeeded the second time in bringing it down, concealed in a reed ; and it was then that Jupiter punished him, when he saw the fire really upon the earth.”

“Was that the way man was made ?” questioned Vial.

“That was the way the ancients thought he was made. They thought all sorts of strange things. The heat of the sun makes outward things grow, we know ; but it needs *spirit* to make the life that is in man ; and that does not come from the sun : nothing but spirit can give spirit.”

“I like Vulcan, he was so useful !” said the secretary, forgetting her dignity in the interest which she felt with all the others.

“That he was !” assented the queen.

“Another grand old deity was Neptune. He was the god of the sea. He rose in the midst, and with three great strides could cross the ocean

from side to side. He was almost equal to Jupiter in power: 'the mountains and the forests trembled as he walked.' He had a large and long trident, which was a spear with three points to it; and with this he could strike upon the bottom of the sea, and up would rise a magic island! and, if he but struck it upon the mountains and rocks, a terrible earthquake would shake the ground!

"When he went from one place to another, his chariot was a scallop-shell, drawn by dolphins, or sometimes by sea-horses, which flew along over the water as swift as the wind. In the court of Neptune were the Nereids, — pretty creatures, nymphs of the sea. They waited upon Neptune, and often held his trident. There were fifty of them. They sat or rode upon the dolphins, sometimes twining garlands of flowers. They dwelt in the grottoes and caves by the side of the sea; and, to propitiate them, the people offered upon their altars oil and milk and honey. Sailors, when they were going to sea, besought the Nereids to give them a safe voyage."

“ Oh ! ” exclaimed Glassée, suddenly springing up, “ how tired I am ! ” And with this the fairies all sprang up, glad to be released, no doubt. I wonder that they were not all asleep with such a long story-telling. It must have gone far into the night.

But what she left unfinished we can tell ; for instance, that one of those sea-nymphs was Galatea, who was beloved by an enormous giant, Polyphemus, who had but one eye. She was half distracted when he pursued her ; for she was attached to a youth, beautiful like herself, and did not wish to have any thing to do with the fearful giant. One day, Polyphemus saw the two lovers happy together on a mountain-side ; and he took up a great rock and hurled it at them, which overwhelmed the poor youth ; but Galatea escaped into the sea.

Besides these, there were other kinds of nymphs : the Naiads, who lived in the quiet rivers and purling brooks ; the Oreads, upon the mountains ; the Dryads, who occupied the woods and groves ; and the Hamadryads, who lived in the very trees them-

selves, right inside of the bark and wood. And there were odd creatures called Satyrs, spending their time in merry sports. The Satyrs are represented in marble as partly man and partly goat. They have the slender legs and feet and the short horns of a goat.

The Fauns were prettier. There are some beautiful marble statues of them! * They were frolicsome creatures, like gay, happy youths; only they had the ears delicately pointed, like a goat's. Presiding over all these was Pan, "the great Pan," the divinity of the fields and the woods, who played on a pipe made of reeds, and protected the flocks and their shepherds, and amused himself with dancing with the nymphs, *et.cætera*.

These strange beings, with the gods and goddesses, were of course only imaginary beings, although people believed in them in ancient times. This is why we have told of them,—because they

* For instance, a celebrated one, called the "Faun of Praxiteles," which is in the Museum of the Capitol at Rome. Praxiteles was an ancient Greek sculptor.

were so real to *them*. For that reason, too, all Italy, besides Greece and other countries, was full of their temples and statues and altars, of which many ruins and relics still remain. Also all kinds of festivals were kept in their honor; and offerings were made to them of fruit, wine, and flowers, and animals were sacrificed to them. Such was the state of things in those countries until Christianity was revealed, and taught the people that there was but one Deity, who is the Father and the Ruler of the earth and the sea, and of all things in them.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SEVENTH DAY.

SIX days of the week of story-telling which was promised had passed ; and for the seventh, which was our *first*, when we always turned our minds to other things, and kept the time quiet and sacred at home and at church,—for that day, Sunday, *we* have a story which we can relate, and which is very unlike any that have preceded it.

Although the stories of the gods and goddesses are interesting to read, those imaginary beings are so exactly like men and women,—no better, and no different scarcely, in their life and conduct,—that it is not possible for us in this day to believe in them as the ancients did. But the

ancients themselves began to disbelieve those things. When people became more intelligent, they perceived how absurd and incredible it was that such things should be true; that there should be really gods and goddesses who were no better than themselves, and were sometimes worse,—for we have not told here many strange stories that were related about them,—so that in secret many persons ridiculed the idea of them, and sacrifices to the gods began to be neglected, and their temples to be unfrequented. Only the less intelligent among the people continued to believe in them fully, and to keep up their worship.

Many of those who could no longer believe in those false deities began to be sad and unhappy; for they knew of no better religion to take its place, and of no truer Deity than such as we have been describing: for at that time there was but one nation in the wide world that knew of the one true and only God, and that *he* is the Creator of the universe and the Father of all people.

That nation was the Jews; and just at that time it was, when all heathen nations began to be disbelieving and discontented, and, because they had no true religion and no knowledge of the truth, were becoming every day more wicked,—just at that time it was, the Saviour—Jesus—was born in Judæa. As he lived and grew up, he taught all the pure and beautiful doctrines of the Christian religion; that God is our Father in heaven, whom alone we must worship, love, and obey; and re-revealed this,—that we might be instructed and directed in all that is right and true,—namely, to do to others as we would that they should do to us; to be forgiving, kind, gentle, and loving one to another. After our Holy Saviour had lived and taught all this, he was cruelly put to death upon the cross. Then his disciples—the persons whom he taught—began to go abroad into all lands to preach the gospel,—the truths which he taught; and some of those disciples came to the city of Rome, and preached there also.

Many of the Romans believed them immedi-

ately, and were only too happy to have a pure and true religion in the place of that which they had long despised. But, although the new religion spread more and more every year, the people who professed it, and became Christians, were but a few compared with the thousands and millions of the heathen all around : and the story we are going to tell is of the troubles and difficulties which the Romans had to encounter when they were becoming Christian, and also the people in the countries about ; for Christianity soon spread amongst them.

The first difficulties arose in the time of the apostles themselves. St. Peter and St. Paul came to Rome,* and, after preaching there some time, were put to death by the emperor, because they taught a new religion to the people.

That same emperor, Nero, set fire to the city, and then accused the Christians, who had come to be quite numerous at that time, of doing it.

* St. Paul was certainly in Rome : it is not so certain about St. Peter ; but it is believed that he also was there.

In order to punish the Christians for this pretended crime, he had them arrested and brought to his elegant gardens,—which were where the Vatican Palace now stands, in which the Pope lives,—and there, for his own entertainment and for the amusement of the people, he had them put to all sorts of terrible tortures, which caused their death.

Every few years after this, with almost every new emperor, there was a dreadful persecution of those who had become Christian. Thousands and thousands of them were put to death: and the more this was done, the more the new religion spread; for the people were so faithful to the pure and holy doctrines which they had learned and embraced, that they would not deny them or give them up on any account, no matter what trials or sufferings they might have to endure because of them. The wonderful examples of patience and fortitude, of cheerful courage and faith, of joyful hope and happiness, which they displayed in the terrible scenes which they had to encounter,

so astonished and impressed those who looked on, or were engaged in persecuting them, that many of them also were won to the new religion.

One of those who embraced Christianity was a young and beautiful married lady, who was but twenty-two years of age; and she had a little son but a few months old. She had always lived elegantly, for she was a lady of rank; and, being wealthy, she had had every comfort and pleasure in life. She joined with some others in a class* to study about the new religion, and was prepared to be baptized. Before the time of baptism came, however; these persons were seized, and placed under guard: but they found still an opportunity to be baptized; and after that they were cast into prison, and treated with great harshness.

Perpetua (for this was the lady's name) begged to have her little child with her; but her father, who was still a heathen, would not suffer it. He implored her on his knees, and with tears

* Such persons were called *catechumens*.

in his eyes, to forsake Christianity, and return and live with him; but she could only say that she *could not*, and prayed that *God's will might be done*.

How painful to be obliged to refuse her kind old father's urgent request! but thus thousands of them were called upon to do.

Then the prisoners were taken into court to have their trial, that it might be ascertained whether they were Christians or not: and Perpetua's father came also into court, with her baby in his arms, and stood by her, and entreated her again that she would have pity on her child; but when she remained firm, and said she could not give up her Christian faith, he attempted to drag her away by force, but was prevented by the officer. Then the sentence of the court was pronounced, and the prisoners were condemned, as Christians, to die, and were carried back to the prison.

Perpetua had a companion in the prison by the name of Felicitas, who had a little daughter

born in the prison. When this was but three days old, she gave it to a Christian woman, who nursed it, and took care of it as her own. Perpetua also gave her little boy, to be brought up, to her own mother, who, it is believed, was a Christian in secret.

When the appointed day came, the prisoners were very calm and cheerful, and talked pleasantly to the people around; and Perpetua sang joyfully a hymn. Felicitas said she was not at all afraid to suffer; for "there would be another One who would suffer for her," — meaning Jesus, — who, she felt, would give her strength and joy as she was suffering in his cause, and would make her unmindful of the pain. And it was so; for when they were carried into the amphitheatre on the day of the great games, to be given to the wild beasts according to the sentence, although they were hurt and bruised, they did not seem to know any thing about it, and asked afterwards when they were to be given to the wild animals. Perhaps they became un-

conscious, or had had their sense of feeling taken away. Oh! thanks be to God, and blessed be his holy name, that the poor suffering Christian martyrs of those days had so much power and strength given them to bear what they had to endure, or they might never have been able to remain Christians; and then we—what should we be now?

This event that we have related happened in Carthage, and not in Rome; though similar events were happening in Rome also.*

The truth is, those people did not understand what Christianity was. They saw that the temples of the gods and the goddesses were becoming deserted on account of its spread, and they thought that *all* religion was going to be given up. Thus Pliny, one of the most learned men of ancient times, when he was governor in one of the Roman provinces, wrote to the emperor to know what he should do with the many persons who were

* See the account of the Coliseum in the companion-volume, — “Child-life in Italy.”

brought to him for trial. He was a humane man, and did not like to have them punished unless they deserved to be; but he said the "superstition," as he called it, was spreading among all classes of the people, among men and women, rich and poor, and young and old, and that the temples seemed almost abandoned. But, at the moment that he was writing, he thought the old worship was reviving; for the festivals were better attended, he said, and more animals were sought for, for the sacrifices to the gods. The emperor, Trajan,* replied to him, that he must be very careful how he condemned any one unless the "crime" of being a "Christian" could be proved on him; for that, in his government, he wished all to be governed "justly."

In the periods of persecution, however, which had occurred from time to time, hundreds and thousands had suffered; and of course it was the duty of the Christians to save themselves and

* The same emperor who condemned the bishop Ignatius.—
See "Child-life in Italy."

their families if they could by hiding away, or remaining in some quiet, secret place, until the danger should be overpast. One way in which they did so was this:—

There are in Rome immense subterranean caverns (caves or passages dug under ground), miles and miles long. No person knows certainly when they were made, or for what purpose; but in these secret places many Christians went to conceal themselves. There they took their wives and little children, with their goods and provisions, and lived for a time as their home. These caverns are extremely dark: not a ray of sun or of light from the sky comes into them, and the Christians must have had lamps or torches always to go about with. When they were obliged to go above ground to obtain things, they would wait until evening came, and go secretly, without making any noise to attract attention; and they would return before daylight in the morning. Or, if the men were obliged to go to their daily work,—for many of them, of course, had a trade or some business by

which they earned their living, — they would rise before daybreak, that no one might see them come out of the catacombs, as these places were called ; and they would keep quiet while about their work during the day, and would wait until after dark before they went back to their families.

But there, in those deep caverns, the Christians were happy, because they could enjoy their religion without being molested. There were hundreds of small rooms, or cells ; and some of these they fitted up as little chapels, or churches, where they assembled for worship, and had prayers and reading of the Scriptures, and sang hymns. How pleasantly must that music have sounded, going up from those happy, Christian hearts ! for there they took “comfort in God,” and trusted in him, yielding to him with all their souls, and thinking only of how they might serve him and be faithful to him when they should be called upon to give up their lives for his sake and his truth ; for they knew not but that any day might be their last. They might be discovered and dragged out

from where they were concealed, and be carried to trial and to prison and to death. These catacombs were such labyrinths, that they were pretty secure places, however, as the story which we are going to copy will show. But I must first say that these caverns were also used by the Christians for burial-places; and that now, when travellers visit Rome, they like to go into the catacombs to see for themselves where the early Christians lived and were buried. Drawings have also been taken of them; and the following story,* so interestingly told by Hans Andersen, is of a painter who entered to make a sketch, taking with him a little boy for a companion. Whether this were positively true or not, it shows how easily one might lose one's way without some guide.

The story pretends to be related by the little boy himself, afterwards.

“Deep below, hollowed out of the soft puzzolano earth, the one passage crosses another. Their multitude, their similarity one to another, are

* Extracted from the “Improvisatore.”

sufficient to bewilder even him who knows the principal direction. I had formed no idea of the whole ; and the painter felt so confident, that he had no hesitation in taking me [the little boy] down with him. He lighted his candle, and took another with him in his pocket ; fastened a ball of twine to the opening where we descended ; and our wandering commenced. Anon the passages were so low, that I could not go upright ; anon they elevated themselves to lofty vaults, and, where the one crossed the other, expanded themselves into great quadrangles. We passed through the rotunda, with the small stone altar in the middle, where the early Christians, persecuted by the Pagans, secretly performed their worship. Federigo* told me of the fourteen popes and the many thousand martyrs who here lie buried.

“ We advanced yet some steps onward, and then came to a stand, because we were at the end of the twine. The end of this Federigo fastened to his button-hole, stuck the candle among some

* The name of the painter.

stones, and then began to sketch the deep passage. I sat close beside him upon one of the stones : he had desired me to fold my hands, and to look upwards. The light was nearly burned out ; but a whole one lay hard by : besides which, he had brought a tinder-box, by the aid of which he could light the other in case this one suddenly went out.

“My imagination fashioned to itself a thousand wonderful objects in the infinite passages which opened themselves, and revealed to us an impenetrable darkness. All was quite still : the falling water-drops alone sent forth a monotonous sound. As I thus sat wrapped in my own thoughts, I was suddenly terrified by my friend the painter, who heaved a strange sigh, and sprang about, but always in the same spot. Every moment he stooped down to the ground, as if he would snatch up something ; then he lighted the larger candle, and sought about. I became so terrified at his singular behavior, that I got up, and began to cry.

“ ‘Sit still, child!’ said he; and again he began staring on the ground.

“ ‘I will go up again!’ I exclaimed: ‘I will not stop down here!’ I then took him by the hand, and strove to draw him with me.

“ ‘Child, child, thou art a noble fellow!’ said he. ‘I will give thee pictures and cakes,—there thou hast money!’ And he took his purse out of his pocket, and gave me all that was in it; but I felt that his hand was icy-cold, and that he trembled. On this I grew more uneasy, and called my mother; but now he seized me firmly by the shoulder, and, shaking me violently, said, ‘I will beat thee if thou art not quiet!’ [Poor Federigo! he was so terrified at the idea of their being lost there in the catacombs, that probably he knew not what he said or did.] Then he bound his handkerchief round my arm, and held me fast, but bent himself down to me the next moment, kissed me vehemently, called me his dear little Antonio, and whispered, ‘Do thou also pray to the Madonna.’* ”

* They were Roman Catholics.

“‘Is the string lost?’ I asked.

“‘We will find it, we will find it!’ he replied, and began searching again. In the mean time, the lesser light was quite burned out, and the larger one, from its continued agitation, melted, and burned his hand, which only increased his distress. It would have been quite impossible to have found our way back without the string: every step would only have led us deeper down where no one could save us.

“After vainly searching, he threw himself upon the ground, cast his arm around my neck, and sighed, ‘Thou poor child!’ I then wept bitterly; for it seemed to me that I never more should reach my home. He clasped me so closely to him as he lay on the ground, that my hand slid under him. I involuntarily grasped the sand, and found the string between my fingers.

“‘Here it is!’ I exclaimed.

“He seized my hand, and became, as it were, frantic from joy; for our life actually hung upon this single thread. We were saved!

“Oh, how warmly beamed the sun, how blue the heaven, how deliciously green the trees and the bushes, as we came forth into the free air! Poor Federigo kissed me yet again, drew his handsome silver watch out of his pocket, and said, ‘This thou shalt have!’”

Thus ends this interesting story.

Once, when *we* — “Aunty,” “Cousin M.,” “Cousin Hatty,”* and Nannine too, all were of the party — when we went to visit the catacombs, — although the guides, I suppose, knew the way perfectly, and had torches, — for greater security, we determined, the rest of us, according to Cousin Hatty’s suggestion, to take a little basket filled with small pieces of white paper which we had cut for the purpose, and strew them all along the ground as we went. We found them very useful; for, in returning, if any of the party got a little behind the others, and lost sight of them, — as sometimes we did, — we could follow the little bits of paper, and thus be sure of our way.

* See “Child-life in.”

Probably those who concealed themselves in the catacombs in those ancient times must have had some such mode as this, or the twine, of finding their way in and out.

After a few hundred years, the difficulties in the way of the people's embracing Christianity ceased; for an emperor himself became a convert to it,* and proclaimed that it should be the religion of the country, instead of the old one: and then it was expected, of course, that all the false gods and goddesses should be given up; and so it has been ever since. Their temples were changed into Christian churches. Jupiter, Diana, Apollo, Mercury, Venus, and so forth, began to be forgotten; and now they are no more talked of or thought of in Rome, excepting as they are viewed in pictures and statues as the representations of the olden times.

* Constantine the Great, about three hundred and twenty-five years after Christ.

CHAPTER IX.

SUMMING UP THE ACCOUNTS.

EVERY child, after it has come to a certain age, knows that fairies are only imaginary beings, just as the gods and the goddesses of old times were. Nevertheless, stories of them continue to be written, because they are entertaining ; and one likes to see what one can do in the way of invention in that line, — as poets and painters, sculptors and musicians, like to compose and form in their way whatever is pretty, beautiful, imaginative, funny, odd, or amusing! Such stories do no harm in the way of amusement, when taken to pass a leisure hour ; and sometimes they contain useful lessons under their fanciful form.

Whether many useful lessons might be dis-

covered under the little pranks and doings of the fairy creatures we have told about, we hardly know: but there is one thing we might learn of them,—namely, that they liked to obtain *real* knowledge, as history and the like; and this only can make us the more intelligent, and more useful in the world.

We return now to finish the account of the fairies, after their week of story-telling had transpired.

In the first place, the secretary had to sum up the marks she had put down against each name, and present them to the queen. So strict had she been, and just and impartial, in keeping the account, that her own name was there; and even marks against the queen stood conspicuous among all the rest!

Perhaps it would be hardly fair to include the simple remarks and comments that had been made from time to time, as the queen signified especially "*questions asked*;" but, as the former sometimes caused interruptions in a similar man-

ner, it was, perhaps, quite as proper that they should be all included. The report stood then, questions and comments together, against the names, as follows: Rosy, Dewdrop, and the secretary, each had one; Misty, three; Pebble, five; Vial, ten; (seven of these were questions!) the queen, four; and *all in general*,—that is, when all seemed to join in the same remark,—six.

Here, then, was a sort of dilemma. Every one had been guilty more or less: even the queen herself had exceeded the allowed limits! What was to be done?—punish herself as well as the others? This was a singular case, when the one who was to award the penalties ought to receive one herself as well! I know not how the queen could have got over this difficulty; for to put herself on a level with her subjects, and be a culprit with them, it is presumed, would be against all rules of Fairy-land. I say, I know not how the queen could have got over this difficulty, had not a very kind and thoughtful sister-fairy whispered to her privately, that as they had all received really

a little more pleasure and advantage from those interruptions, bringing out more information, and making it a little more lively in their hearing each other's voices, and having their sympathies expressed, *she* thought the best way would be to add the six marks of *all the fairies in general* to the four of the queen, making ten, and score these against the ten of Vial's, which was the largest number of any single one, and in this manner let them all be — quits! The queen, after a moment's thought, assented to this, with evident pleasure sparkling on her countenance; for her laws were not like those of the Medes and Persians, that never could be changed.

When, by the queen's permission, this was announced to the band of fairies by the benevolent mediating fairy who had suggested it, such shouts of applause and ringings of delight were set up by the whole troop as showed how happy they were to be released.

But, that we may have some idea of the very great labor and toil they might have been obliged

to go through had the penalties been awarded, — as did once the Culprit Fay, who was sentenced to go up and get a ray from the moon, — we will give an account in another chapter of an occasion when they had some extremely hard work to do; and it seemed for a time as if they would not be able to accomplish it, fairies though they were. These were not altogether the maids of honor who surrounded the queen during the week of the story-telling, but some others of the fairies also who were employed on this occasion, as will be seen in the story which follows.

CHAPTER X.

THE FAIRY QUEEN'S WARDROBE.

ONE season, when the long summer-holidays were over, — in which the fairies had lived mostly for their own diversion or in idleness, — the queen summoned them, and said they must now prepare for her a new wardrobe. Some were to make the linen for the under-garments; others were to make a sort of silken tissue for the dress; another, the stockings; and so on.

The fairies who were to make the linen scampered about over hill and dale to gather the thistle-down from which it was to be manufactured. For the silken tissue, armfuls of the silky pods of the silk-weed were brought; and for the stockings was collected that gossamer-like stuff which

floats among the bushes in the autumn-days. But all this was but a small part of the labor. The great work was to begin after the materials had all been accumulated and laid together in their various piles, or heaps.

Then it was amusing to see the linen-weavers spread out their bales of thistle-down upon the grass ; and in order to break it, and card it into a smooth mat, two fairies seized upon a huge chest-nut-burr ; and, that they might not get pierced through and through with its sharp prickles, they each took a slender pole proportioned to their size, and with it turned the burr over and over, rolling it back and forth upon the downy stuff until it was all broken, softened, and smoothed as completely as if it had been done in a much better carding-machine. For the pulling of it out into threads — they did this curiously. A whole row of elves stood on one side of the thistle-down mat, or stuff, after it had been thus carded out, and which had been fastened to the ground on the opposite edge ; and then each little elf stooped and took in her

fingers a bit of the down, and drew it very carefully, moving slowly backwards; at the same time using both her hands, smoothing and twisting the down as she pulled it into a delicate thread; just as men near the Pincio in Rome pull out the tow to make ropes where they have no machinery.*

After these fine threads were drawn out, in order to give them a finishing twist, they got some morning-glory flowers (of which the large end is

* This was the actual mode in which rope-making was carried on in Rome, at a "rope-walk," as it might be called, formed simply of the trees and foot-walk on the side of the street: this we daily witnessed at some seasons in our walks to the Pincio. The tow was fastened to a tree; and the men took hold of it with their fingers, pulling it slowly out, walking backwards. The different threads thus made were twisted by hand into strands, and these again into ropes; the two ends being fastened from tree to tree, and the line being kept straight by two or three simple supports, as might be necessary. As handsome ropes, and of the various sizes, seemed to be made, as are manufactured in any other manner.

The story above was written during the stay in Florence, after the summer that Nannine and Gianina spent with their family at the Baths of Lucca. — See the companion-volume.

wheel-shaped), and poised them lightly upon sticks, — laying them longitudinally or lengthwise, — and placed them at some opening where the wind blew freshly through. Then on the other tube-like end they fastened a sharp-pointed thorn for a spindle. They caught the thread on this; and, the wind breezing up, the little wheels went round merrily. It was as pretty a sight as you could see; each fairy standing by her little wheel, and winding the thread upon the spindle as it went busily round. The threads being quite twisted, and wound up, they took the spindles and sat down upon the grass, and wound off the thread into balls: each ball, perhaps, was as big as a small nut or a large pea.

Then came the immense labor of putting the web into the looms. Every fairy had her own handloom; and, after putting in the webs, they stood with their pretty airy forms and nimble fingers, passing the shuttles back and forth. After these were finished, as nice pieces of cloth as could be woven out of thistle-down were ready to be shown.

Now for the weavers of the silken tissue. They had a much more laborious time, not in the making of the silk, — for they had it neither to card nor spin, as the silk already lay in threads in the silky pods of the silk-weed, and they had only to single out the very finest of them, which were thus all ready to be manufactured, — but the difficulty was in the dyeing of the silk after it was woven. Now, the queen was somewhat fastidious, and this royal dress was to be dyed with colors of the rainbow. But when was to come the rainbow? This was the anxious question, as there had been no rain, nor was there likely to be any. The queen had said that the work must be done within a certain time, and that whoever was neglectful or remiss should be banished from her presence the whole autumn; so that it was a perilous thing to keep work on hand uncompleted.

The piece of silk had been taken from the loom, folded, and laid away ready to be tinted; but day after day, morning after morning, the sun rose bright. No cloud was in the sky, and there was

no possible chance for a rainbow to make its appearance; and each evening, after the clear, bright day had passed, the fairies condoled with each other, and began to be serious and uneasy.

A week had passed away, — ten days, — a fortnight. Only three days more were wanting, when they were all to go and lay their finished work before the queen. Sad and dispirited, the little silk-weavers gazed up into the sky. That evening, the stars came out as clear and cloudless as ever. The fairies all around were roused, excited, and full of compassion. Those who had their work quite done and ready wished that they could do *any thing* to help their sisters. At length, they offered to get up a petition to the queen, that the silk might be dyed some other colors than those of the rainbow.

So they went and obtained the longest blade of grass, or rather reed, that they could find; and each one wrote her name across it, — beginning at one end, — until there was a long list of names. Then, as they were in a hurry for the queen to

behold it, they did not stop to roll it up, and thus lose time in unrolling it; but they took it up as it was, one at each end, and others along the sides, holding it up.

They had just set out, when one who had been in a direction towards the west, looking out, came up, saying that there was actually a cloud growing quite large and dark where the sun had set. They laid the petition on the ground, and all ran to see.

Sure enough, it was there; and, as they watched, the cloud visibly increased, until, by midnight, it really covered the whole sky, and was becoming every minute more dense. Then began a pattering of drops; and before morning a terrible rain had come on, which might have drenched every fairy-being through and through, had they not all popped into some sheltering bush or tree!

The next day, it rained without ceasing until twelve; so that I suppose, by that time, the water was fairly rained out of the sky. There were faint glimmerings of the sun; at four o'clock, still more;

and, before six, the fairies were all anxiously on the watch to catch the first appearance of the many-colored bow.

The web of silk was brought out, all ready to be caught up at a moment's notice : "Though possibly, after all," whispered some, "there may be no rainbow." The words were scarcely out of their mouths, when one gave a shout, "There it is! it is beginning! it is coming! Look there!—low down!—here it is!" And just where the sky touched the earth was seen a lovely color of rose, which deepened pinker and pinker, then to purple and violet, and ascended higher and higher, until it formed an arch over the whole heavens from side to side, and grew brighter and brighter in splendid colors.

Then those who had charge of the silk caught it and spread it out like a banner, and floated upward with it towards the very deepest-dyed part of the rainbow, where they passed it through and through from one side to the other, until, when the bow began to fade, there was the silk

seen glowing in all its splendid colors like another rainbow! only, instead of disappearing in the sky, it floated down again, and the fairies with it, to the earth. Such a sympathetic welcome they received for having been so successful! and what light hearts went happily beating in them all!

All? No: there was one, — poor little Zet'te! After the others had all rejoiced, and she had rejoiced with them, a sad look came over her face. She was the stocking-weaver. It was a wonder she was ever given stockings to weave, she was such a dreamy little thing! But somehow or other, dreamy or slow as she might be, her work was always exquisitely done when it was done: and this was the reason the queen wished her to have that especial part; for the queen could not bear to put any thing upon her feet that was not exquisitely fairy-like in texture and make.

Now, many a day since her work had been put into the loom, Zet'te had gone dreaming away half the time. Sometimes she would get under a snug leaf, and lie there looking into the sky,

thinking of — nobody knows what ; or, if any merry companions came along, she would join them ; and sometimes whole days would pass without her ever doing one stitch upon her work. It need not be wondered at, then, that her work was still far behind, — one stocking only was finished : the other was little more than begun.

It was a little singular, too, that no one else had known or thought of Zet'to's neglect. They had all been so taken up during the last days about the silk, and she herself too, that they seemed utterly to have forgotten that there was any thing more to be done. Now then, when every one else was ready, the sudden thought came over her that she was not.

She flew to the little corner where her loom was nestled among the bushes, and put herself to work. But it looked very hopeless to her when she saw how much there was to be done, even though her fairy-fingers could fly fast. Yes : she could work as fast as any one, when she really put herself to it. She worked steadily, then, for half an hour, and

made great progress ; and then she began to forget again how necessary it was for her to be persevering, and was just going to loll off into another day-dream. O fairy, fairy ! hard work it was to sit there the whole day. But she took courage, and strengthened herself up, and staid far into the night over her little loom ; and the next morning found her there early again. She was going on nicely, — almost to the heel, — when by chance the queen happened along that way, and was very much astonished to find one of her nymphs at work so early. She saw that Zet'te was pale and a little downcast : so she inquired into the matter, and made her tell her all about it.

Now, Zet'te was a favorite of the queen ; and, though the queen was seldom known to relent in any thing that she had ordered, she did in this case say to the fairy that she might be allowed one day more to complete the task. Oh, what a boon was this to Zet'te ! and she felt so elated, that, after all, she actually spent half that day in dreaming again, thinking she would have plenty of time. But it

was a great mistake : the queen might as well not have granted her another day.

The queen's maids were with her when she discovered Zet'te : so from them it soon became noised abroad that her work was not finished ; and, before long, one after another found their way to the bower. Thus, what with their talking to Zet'te, and Zet'te's listening, and so on, really, when night came, very little had the stocking grown that day. The fairies talked it over among themselves, — almost the whole foot to do ! If any of them could work as nicely as she, they might help her when she was tired. But here was the difficulty : it was well known that the queen liked no work on her stockings but Zet'te's. Then they thought of the petition again that they had once been going to get up ; but Zet'te said, that, as the queen had been so good as to give her one more day, she did not like to ask for another. With all their consultations, there seemed to be nothing to do but to leave it to Zet'te's fingers.

And so poor Zet'te's fingers worked, worked,

and worked, — I cannot tell you how they worked ! This day passed away, and the last night came. Zet'te never left her place ; but it seemed as if her fingers were wearing out, and her eyes were becoming too dazzled with looking and looking. Though almost to the toe, the work seemed to be going on more slowly, till at length a sudden thought came to one of her companions, — that she knew a plant which made the fingers more nimble, and the eyes more clear. So she darted off like a sky-rocket in search of this plant. Quickly she went down the dell to a brook-side, found it, plucked off some leaves, and in an instant darted back again. The leaves were rubbed and rubbed over Zet'te's fingers until the juice came out ; and some juice was touched, too, to her eyelids, and they felt quite new again.

It was in the morning early that the things were to be brought to the queen ; and all flew to have theirs ready. Some said they would linger a little behind the others, that Zet'te might come up at the last minute and join them.

A place was left in the centre of a large circle for the queen, and a beautiful deep-red dahlia was placed there for her throne. Then the pieces of linen cloth were brought up and arranged around the circle; and the silk with its glorious colors, looking so fair and lovely! There was a pretty little salver of the silver-poplar leaf, which the queen had told one to give to Zet'te that she might present the stockings upon it.

No Zet'te was to be seen, nor stockings either; but it did not as yet matter much, as they would, at any rate, be the last things presented. All began to take their places, and they filled up pretty well the space in front: those behind kept looking anxiously towards Zet'te's bower to see her emerging from it.

The queen was expected every moment. Presently she came with her beautiful train of fairy nymphs and pages, and took her seat on the dahlia cushion. Then each brought up the work she had done. The queen praised especially the softness and transparency of the linen; and her approval of the silk was beyond all bounds. "A right

royal tissue it was," said she, "and fit for any princess in Fairyland."

While she was still looking and commenting so graciously upon it, a wee bustle was heard in the outer row; and, behold! there was Zet'te! Her stockings were on the salver; and they were making way for her to pass! She went through, and stood quietly waiting until the queen should bid her come forward. It was very fortunate that she had a minute to spare to compose herself; for she had become so heated and anxious! When the queen bade her, and she went up, they looked so pretty, the little flesh-colored gossamer things, on the little silver-like, pointed-edged salver! The queen was in ecstasies. She put her hands through, and they showed like the most exquisite lace-work, embroidered in sweetly fanciful figures: patterns of flowers ran up and down, beautifully intermingled.

But poor Zet'te had been almost worn out with the excessive labor; and very thankful was she and all the others that the queen gave them, after that, not only a week, but a whole fortnight, of holidays,

before they should make up into garments the materials they had manufactured.

Of course, when these were made, the queen shone as lovely and as brilliant in them as when we first saw her surrounded by her fairy-train in the beginning of this book.

CHAPTER XI.

A SPANISH TOUR.

THE fairy, Glassée, had not been willing, it is true, to relate more stories at that midsummer time than those which have been recounted, and which occupied but a week. But, as she was one of those elfin beings who can roam the world over, — being sometimes in one place, and then as quick as thought darting off to another if they please, — she had an ample store of knowledge in her fairy head, and might then have gone on and related many another tale had she been so disposed. Therefore, after the little bustle and commotion produced in preparing the queen's wardrobe, as was related in the last chapter, were over, and the long autumn holidays came on, you might have seen her as be-

fore, many a time in the sunny afternoons, under some sheltering bush or shrub, with the stout-hearted Pebble and the inquisitive little Vial, and even the queen herself, often gathered around to listen to a story.

The queen — being a queen — was too fond of obtaining intelligence (and it was very important for her too) not to improve every opportunity she had; and both Vial and Pebble had too great a love of hair-breadth escapes and daring adventures not to desire to hear of them as many as they could.

So, with the rest of the fairy troop all amusing themselves as they liked best, after the long and busy occupations they had been lately engaged in, or sometimes joining in the story-telling, just as they preferred, Glassée and her more inquisitive companions exercised their fairy brains again about the doings of people — human beings — so all unlike themselves, of course. Probably they used their fairy wings too, and popped themselves down now and then in some far-away place, just as Queen Adèle had popped down into our garden

at Villa Negroni from the distant fairyland "Rose Island." But, however that may be, we, too, will put on our fairy-winged caps, and follow them, in imagination, in their world-wide journeys and wanderings.

If we do not hear Glassée's own words, — so far off she was sometimes, — we will tell the same stories she would have related had we been near enough to hear, and which her own companions, Vial and Pebble, could have heard, and been amused by. These stories showed how far the great country or empire of Rome spread and extended itself all round about; for the Romans, in their times of bravery and great deeds, went into all other lands, and made themselves masters of almost all the world. Glassée continued right on from where she left off before, and commenced with Old Spain, — that old country where Nannine and Gianina's dear aunt and cousins,* after their happy winter in Rome and their pleasant visit to

* See "Child-life in Italy."

the beautiful city of Naples, travelled, and had an interesting and a delightful journey.

We must first describe Spain. It is a partly wild and strange, but picturesque and romantic country. A range of mountains (the Pyrenees), like a wall, divides it from France, making it almost difficult to travel from the one country to the other. A poet describes this "wall" in the following curious manner:—

"Ne barrier wall, ne river deep and wide,

Ne horrid crags, nor mountains dark and tall,

Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land from Gaul." *

There are, however, *passes*, which are like doors, or gateways, as it were, leading from one land to the other. There are a hundred or more of these; but only a few of them—I believe, scarcely half a dozen—are wide enough for carriages to travel. These passes go winding through the valleys, among the mountains, over hills, and along precipices; and are sometimes so narrow, that you can go only

* Hispania and Gaul were the ancient names of Spain and France.

by mules or on foot. These would often be dangerous also, were not the sturdy mules, like the donkeys, *generally* very safe and sure-footed. A friend of ours, however, a lady, when travelling there with a party, came very near losing her life by her mule accidentally stumbling. The road, which was only a foot-path, was so narrow, as it wound round the side of a mountain, that there was room only for a single person to go at a time on his or her mule. The mountain-side was almost straight up and down; and there was a deep precipice, with a chasm, below. Just as they were in the middle of this narrow pathway, — the travellers, in a line, following one after another on their mules, — the male of this lady, all of a sudden, slipped one of his feet right over the edge towards the precipice; and, if he had not been able to save himself, they must both have rolled down and been killed. But fortunately he scrambled up again with great effort; and the lady, with a great deal of presence of mind, succeeded in holding on firmly, so that happily both escaped with their lives.

When we had entered into Spain, we should find there many things much as in Italy. The people wear bright colors on their dress, or costume ; and frequently the men wear a little velvet cap with tassels, which is, however, particularly Spanish. There would be women carrying water in vases on their head, or large baskets, or great bundles of fagots, and so forth ; and mules and donkeys would be seen driven in the streets. We ought to find the great chestnuts too, roasted or boiled ; for those that are so used in Italy are called "Spanish chestnuts," and derive their name from this very country.

And there would be thousands of sheep, with the shepherds in their sheep-skin jackets, and their crooks in their hand. The same poet from whom we just now quoted says of these, —

"Spain's realms appear, whereon her shepherds tend
Flocks, whose rich fleece right well the trader knows."

For this is the country whence the Merino sheep come, which produce the most beautifully fine

wool, supplying all the manufactories of Europe for their finest cloth. Spain has always been a country for sheep from time immemorial. The ancient Romans, when they took possession there, cultivated great flocks of them, as they had also done in Italy. There are not only thousands, but millions, of these sheep; it is said, between fifteen and twenty millions. One would think they must cover the whole land, as if it were one great pasture! But it is not wholly so. The flocks are driven, at different seasons, from one part of the country to another. In the summer, they travel towards the north, among the mountains; and can go twenty or twenty-five miles in a day, if necessary. Towards winter, they go back to the pleasant country of Southern Spain. One frequently sees the great flocks roaming about, which is always a charming sight in travelling. They are such innocent-looking creatures, and seem so happily taken care of by the shepherds, often also by a great shepherd-dog, and they herd together in so comfortable, friendly, and cosey sort of a manner, that it is a most pleasant and delightful view.

There are some shows that we would see in Spain, that are seldom beheld anywhere else ; and they must appear, also, a strange and extraordinary sight : they are “ bull-fights.” That is, we should see them if we were to put ourselves in the way to do so ; as they are spectacles in an amphitheatre, or a circus, like any other show : but we can scarcely imagine that one would wish to be present at such a sight. Here, however, women and children go as well as men, in the same manner that they would to any other theatre ; and it is made a very gay scene. The only pleasant or picturesque part must be that which is here described : “ An *alquazil*, in black, first rode round the arena, proclaiming the regulations of the day. He was followed by a procession of performers in their gay dresses ; the *picadores*, glittering with gold and silver lace, on horseback, with their broad-brimmed hats and long lances ; the *chulos*, on foot, with their red cloaks ; the *banderilleros*, with their barbed shafts, wrapped in strips of white paper ; the *matadores*, with their swords ; and lastly three mules, gayly caparisoned, with strings

of little bells on their necks, which were to drag out the slain bulls. Loud shouts rose from the crowd ; and then a door was opened, and an enormous bull, jet-black, with massive chest and glaring eyes, bounded into the arena. He ran first at the *chulos*, who shook their cloaks at him ; but his rage appeared soon to subside. A *picador* put his lance against the animal's forehead ; but he shook it off, and turned away. The *chulos* again came capering about him, and trying to provoke him ; but he pursued them only a few steps." *

If no more harm than this were done, one might think it a quite simple and innocent entertainment, comparatively ; but there is far more before the end comes. Other animals, dogs, and even horses, are brought in, and are worried and tossed by the bull ; and the poor creature himself gets killed : all which makes it a very barbarous amusement. It seems singular that it can be tolerated in any civilized or Christian country : yet, with it all, the Span-

* Bryant's " Letters from Spain."

iards themselves, both men and women, are said to be very noble, honest, and kindly in all their ways and manners; which makes it appear still the more singular and strange.

CHAPTER XII.

OLD SPAIN.

WE must now go back to the fairies, and begin, where they or Glassée began, the story of old Spain. It was after that terrible civil war in Rome between Marius and Sylla, at which Glassée left off, and would not tell, but which caused dreadful times in Rome, filling the city with terror and dismay. This was the very Marius who had obtained such splendid victories over the Teutones and Cimbri, when they came with their immense armies of barbarians down towards Rome to overrun the country. This was before the civil war; and, when that commenced, there was in the army of Marius a brave and very noble-minded man withal, who was at first attached to his cause. But he did not

give in at all to the cruel deeds which Marius committed ; and finally, as affairs turned exceedingly bad, he left Rome, depressed and discouraged, longing to flee away to some quiet, peaceful place, where he should hear the sound of war no more. The place he thought of were those beautiful Western Islands, far off on the ocean, some eight hundred miles or so from the coast of Europe, which we now call the Azores. There sailors had been, and had brought home so delightful accounts of its lovely regions, peaceful and sunny, that people began to think they must be the very "Islands of the Blest," where happy people went after death, and ever lived on in peace and quiet. Here Sertorius, this good man, desired to go ; but he never really went, as public affairs seemed to change somewhat ; and then he thought he would go to Spain, and remain there a while. He had, however, before this, been to Africa ; and, while there, he had obtained a beautiful fawn, — a young deer, — which he tamed, and made of it a great pet. He carried this with him to Spain. It followed the good Ser-

torius round ; and the soldiers all thought every thing of this fawn, and believed it was some god in this disguise who was accompanying Sertorius and protecting him. Sertorius rambled all about Spain, and became acquainted with every nook and corner,—the valleys, the plains, and the mountain fastnesses ; and he also attached the people to him greatly, so that they readily submitted to his rule. He established schools among them, and taught them the Latin, which was the Roman language. This was, maybe, the beginning of their learning it : but they continued to acquire and to use it, so that, for the four hundred years from this time that the Romans kept possession of Spain, the Latin language was used all over the country ; which is the reason that much of the Spanish language at present is like the Latin, and that one, knowing the Latin, finds it easy to read the Spanish. Sertorius did much good in establishing these schools and other things among the people ; and he also thought he would set up a little republic there, because he felt, that, in the civil wars at home, liberty had

fled away from, or was destroyed in, his own native country, Rome. So he proceeded to collect officers and senators together, — enough to form a senate. But while he was endeavoring thus to preserve a glorious freedom in the world, as he thought, his work was suddenly put a stop to by the arrival of a large force against him from Rome, which was commanded by Pompey the Great, in whose good fortune everybody believed. Sertorius, however, who was a skilful general, came very near defeating Pompey; and, had not some other troops come up to Pompey's assistance, the latter would probably have been beaten, although he never had been, as yet, in his life. As it was, Pompey gained the victory, and Sertorius had to flee. In his flight, the tame fawn, which had followed all his fortunes, was lost; and the soldiers then believed that the gods had deserted him, and they seemed disposed to desert him too. The little fawn, however, was found again: but the people, nevertheless, did not recover their good humor; and Sertorius was at last cruelly betrayed by one of his highest

officers. His life was taken by him, and the body was sent to Pompey. Pompey was indignant at this base treachery; and the man himself who had performed the deed was obliged to suffer for the terrible treason. How strangely affairs take place! This very Pompey, — though so very generous towards an enemy or a rival, — many years afterwards, was himself also cruelly betrayed; and when his remains were sent to *his* rival, Julius Cæsar, he also was indignant at the treachery which had betrayed him!

But we were talking of Spain; and we will now go back to what it became, — a Roman province. It was the very country through which Hannibal, centuries before, had marched with his formidable elephants and his African troops, on his roundabout way to Italy; and, after that, the Romans obtained what possession of it they could, and at length, after a number of years, made it wholly a province, governed by their own Roman officers. Then they laid out roads, as they did wherever they went, and built towns, and planted colonies, and helped

to civilize the inhabitants; although they were already quite civilized,—much more so than in some other countries which the Romans took possession of, as we shall see by and by. Among others, Julius Cæsar went there a short time; and, being at the town which is now called Cadiz, he saw there an inscription in honor of Alexander the Great, who, although he died very young, had conquered almost all the world, and then sighed that he had no more worlds to conquer. Cæsar thought to himself, how very little *he* had done! and he went back to Rome determining that he would do something to make *his* name great; and he did so, as we shall see by and by. But, in the mean time, we have something more to tell about Spain; for this has been a land of romance and of song.

The Romans kept possession of it, as we have said, about four hundred years; and then they were obliged to abandon it on account of the Vandals, another great German tribe, who, like the Cimbri and Teutones, had come down into the southern

parts of Europe to take possession of those warm and pleasant regions. They came through France, across the Pyrenees, into Spain; and there they fought with the Roman troops, and defeated them. These Vandals, and all the other barbarian troops, as the Goths and Huns, had become somewhat civilized and Christianized by this time; because this was now the period that the Christian religion was spreading all about: and even these wild tribes had learned about it, and partly embraced it; but, nevertheless, they went moving about from country to country, and caused great destruction. Andalusia is one of the most beautiful parts of Spain: there oranges and lemons and olives grow, and nightingales sing. The name itself is soft and beautiful; but it was derived from these very *Vandals* themselves, which we would hardly believe.

Genseric was their leader; and, after they had been a little while in Spain, he was invited to pass over into Africa. Now, Spain is so near to the north of Africa, the Straits of Gibraltar only being between, and it is so like it in many respects, that

it seems almost as if the two countries must have been once united. Palm-trees grow on both sides of the Straits; and monkeys live there, on the Rock of Gibraltar, which is the only place in Europe where they live in their wild state. Thus, being so near, it was quite easy for Genseric to pass over into Africa with his troops, as he had been invited to do. The northern countries of Africa, like almost all the rest of the world, belonged then to Rome; and, the governor there having a pique with the Roman emperor, he offered the Vandals a part of his province, if they would come and take it. After they had come, however, the governor made up his quarrel with the emperor, and he wished then that they would but go away; and he used all his means to drive them from the place. But they were stronger than he, and took complete possession of the country, and founded there a powerful empire; obtaining, too, possession of all the islands around, — Sicily, Corsica, and Sardinia. Then they set their piratical vessels sailing on all the seas about. It was easy then to advance towards Rome;

and, before long, Genseric; with a great and powerful fleet, approached to the very coasts of Italy, and so made his way onward until he arrived at the very gates of the capital. There was nobody prepared at all to receive him: indeed, every one who could fled away. The emperor himself was killed in the skirmish which took place, and the Vandals entered the city. For fourteen days, they plundered and pillaged every thing. The beautiful works and monuments of art were torn down, and marble statues were destroyed or were carried away. Ships were loaded with them, to be taken to Africa; and, on the way, a ship with some of the most beautiful works was wrecked, and these were all lost in the sea. It is supposed that Genseric would have burnt the city; but the Pope (there was then a Christian Pope in Rome) * went out at the head of a procession, and begged that he would not. Upon this he ceased; but he carried away hundreds and thousands of prisoners with him, and some of the noblest persons in the city. At this

* This was in the year 455 after Christ.

day, when we hear of great and wanton destruction of any thing, we call it "Vandalism." After a while, the Vandal empire itself fell to pieces, the rulers disputing among themselves.

The next great people who occupied Spain were the Moors. It being so easy to pass from one country to the other, they came from Africa, and occupied all the southern and most beautiful part of Spain. The Moors were so called because they came from Morocco; but they were originally Saracens or Arabians, and were Mahometans in their religion. There, in the part of Spain which is called Granada, they built the beautiful Palace of the Alhambra. It is still standing, or the ruins of it; and these ruins are among the most interesting and beautiful in Europe. Our American writer, Washington Irving, has made them very famous by his tales and descriptions of them. It is wonderful, that at that time, when the Moors were thus flourishing in Spain, almost the whole of Europe elsewhere was sunk in barbarism and ignorance. The Goths

and Vandals and other tribes had roamed so about, migrating from place to place, that they had almost destroyed civilization; or it was a very different civilization from what there had been before. But, among the Arabians who came into Spain, there was great learning; and they possessed many arts and accomplishments. It was through them that we seem to have obtained our writing alphabet,* and the figures of arithmetic, and the knowledge of algebra, which now almost every young person, boy or girl, studies at school. So that *they* were useful indeed in establishing themselves on the shores of Spain; and were not destructive, as other invaders had been. The Spaniards, however, were not pleased at their taking possession of their beautiful country; and, after a while, — after the long “dark

* In the charades (the key to which is at the end of this volume), it will be seen that the Arabians are called the “originators” of this alphabet. Although it goes by their name (or did so in the older text-books), the probability seems to be that they *introduced* it merely into the European languages, and perhaps derived it, with their system of algebra (the letters used in which are the same), from some more ancient nation.

ages," as they were called, began to pass away,—they began to dislike it more and more.

The Mahometans, or "Moslems" as the Moors were called, pronounced every one besides themselves to be but "dogs." This the Christians (as the Spaniards then were) would not submit to, as they knew they had a truer religion than the Mahometans; and so they could not live very peaceably together. On the contrary, the Christians thought it a great honor and glory always to make war against the Moors, and drive them, if possible, from the towns and cities which they held.

Now, among the Spaniards, there was a hero engaged in these exploits, a marvellous personage, called the "Cid," because he was gallant and valorous, and performed mighty things of renown, which made his fame spread far and wide. In the following chapter, we shall relate the story of the Cid. When Glassée related this to her little troop of fairies, you might have seen, had you been there, their faces and eyes all on fire at the wonderful deeds and marvellous exploits recounted; and, if we

could tell them in as sparkling a manner as she did, the faces and eyes of those young persons who read this book might shine the same. But, as that cannot be, we will try only to show a little who and what this great personage was.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE STORY OF THE CID.

ABOUT the year 1025, there was born in Spain a child who was named Rodrigo Diaz. He was often called, however, Ruy, instead of Rodrigo. His father was a count, and his mother was a countess: so he was of noble birth. But, as he grew up, his father did not seem to know of the high-spirited and valiant temper which had been born also with the boy, until a singular incident happened to bring it to light. The count his father, who was an old man, had been greatly insulted by another count, which insult was felt very bitterly; and he became, in consequence, very sad and disconsolate. At length, he called all his sons to him, determining to tell them what dishonor had happened to him;

but, as they approached him one by one, he seized their hands so strongly, pressing and wringing them in his distress, that, when it came Rodrigo's turn, he was forced to call out, "Let go!" and, with eyes flashing fire, he exclaimed, that, if it were anybody but his father, he would not submit to such treatment! His father, instead of being displeased, as one would suppose, was, on the contrary, quite filled with delight; for he felt that now he had a son who could repair the dishonor he had received. When he explained it to him, the young son was indeed fired with indignation that his old father should have been treated with such disgrace: and his first exploit was to seek the guilty offender, and bring him to punishment for his crime; in which he succeeded. For those were the days of chivalry and knight-errantry, when "knights" sought with their own hands to redress wrongs, and punish the guilty; but now we submit all these things to the law, or, in the Christian manner, forget and forgive them, passing them over in silence.

The old count was made very happy by this

exploit of his young hero, as now his honor was redeemed; and, instead of sitting any longer silent and sad at home for very shame, he arose, and went forth with all his retinue to meet and salute the king,—King Ferdinand of Castile. There were three hundred brave knights in his train, and the brave Rodrigo was honored in riding with them; indeed, he was more honored than all the rest, as will be seen by these verses: * —

“ All these knights on mules are mounted;

Ruy a war-horse doth bestride:

All wear gold and silken raiment;

Ruy in mailèd steel doth ride.

All are girt with jewelled falchions;

Ruy, with a gold-hilted brand:

All a pair of wands come bearing;

Ruy, a glittering lance in hand.

All wear gloves with perfume scented;

Ruy, a mailèd gauntlet rude:

All wear caps of gorgeous colors;

Ruy, a casque of temper good.”

* We must remember that Rodrigo had the name also of Ruy; and here the latter is used. The author is indebted for this and all the remaining quotations to the translations in Lockhart's “Romance of the Cid.”

As they thus went on, the king was seen approaching; and every one of the knights alighted to kneel before him, and to kiss his hand, excepting the bold youth himself. There he sat upon his charger, never offering to dismount; which so displeased his father, that he called upon him to alight, and salute the king. He replied as he had done before, that, if it were anybody but his father who commanded him, he would not do it; but he would not disobey *him*. Unfortunately, however, as he set out to kneel before the monarch, his sword accidentally flew out of its sheath, and almost struck against the king. The king was greatly startled, supposing for the moment, as he knew the proud spirit of the youth, that it was purposely done; and he exclaimed to him loudly, "Begone from my presence!" Rodrigo was also startled by this, and was vexed and provoked, too, that he had been obliged to kiss the hand of the sovereign; and, very angry, he sprang upon his horse, and turned and rode away, and all the three hundred knights with him.

He did not keep his ill-temper long, however ; it seems ; nor did the king either. They both appear to have come to their better mind ; for very soon, on another occasion, they behaved in a very different manner.

The count whom Rodrigo had slain (for this was the punishment he had inflicted on the one who had insulted his father, having challenged and killed him in combat) had a daughter, who came to the king, entreating him to justly punish the one who had taken the life of her father. This occurred out in the open air, by the gate of the royal palace ; for, when the king with his retinue came out of the castle, he found this lady, Ximena, with her courtly train all drawn up there, ready to kneel, and present her entreaties. Rodrigo was in the king's retinue, and happened to be present at this very moment when the young lady was thus pleading ; and she turned and appealed to him, that, as he had done that cruel deed, he should now slay her, as she cared no longer for her life. He said not a word, but turned and mounted his horse, and rode

slowly away. Two or three times after this, the damsel came again to the king with the same petition. Six months passed, and she appeared before the monarch for the fourth time ; and now she was accompanied by thirty noble squires, — gentlemen dressed in long black robes, “ which swept the ground behind them.” She complained that the king had paid no attention to her requests. He had, however, in the mean time, sent for Rodrigo to return to the city (for he had been absent with his father) : and it seems that the youth now often spent his time in a very peculiar manner ; as he was seen riding every day past the lady’s house, with a falcon on his wrist ; and this he would let fly at her doves, so that many of them were wounded or killed. Ximena thought that, of course, this must all be in enmity to her ; so she had this to add to her complaint : —

“ Every day at early morning,
To despite me more, I wist,
He who slew my sire doth ride by,
With a falcon on his fist.

At my tender doves he flies it :

Many of them hath it slain.

See ! their blood hath dyed my garments

With full many a crimson stain !

List ! The king who doth not justice,

He deserveth not to reign."

Ferdinand, however, took it all very quietly and good-naturedly ; and at last it came out that this was but a rough way of courtship, — that our hero was in love with this very same young lady all the time, and he had put on such strange manners as he passed by her windows, merely to attract, we suppose, her attention ! The king, it seems, had suspected the secret all the while ; and the young lady herself at last found it out. Then she came a fifth time ; and instead of entreating the king to punish him, as before, she now begged that he would allow her to marry him ! She said, —

"Grant this precious boon, I pray thee ;

'Tis a duty thou dost owe :

For the great God hath commanded

That we should forgive a foe."

The good King Ferdinand smiled, and said he would grant it with all his heart. So the young pair married, and they always lived together ever after very happily. But, before this happy event took place, the hero had performed another famous exploit, by which his name had become renowned all through the kingdom; and this it was, it was imagined, that caused the great change of mind in Ximena: she, too, could not help admiring the gallant and valiant youthful hero. It was now for the first time that he was called the "Cid." He had fought in battle, and conquered five Moorish kings, who had invaded the kingdom of Castile. The great fame of this spread everywhere, and it startled the Moors; for they knew not what they would have to expect in the future, if, while he was still so young (he was not yet twenty years old), this bold hero could perform such prodigies of valor. So they seemed quietly to submit; and, after a while, these five Moorish kings sent messengers to him to bear the tribute due. And I suppose they added something more to ingratiate themselves as much

as possible ; for there were splendid jewels for his bride, and rich silk clothing for the gentlemen of his suite, and, above all, a hundred horses elegantly caparisoned.

“ Twenty were of dapple gray,
Twenty were as ermine white,
Thirty were of hardy sorrel,
Thirty were as black as night.”

As the messengers brought these things before him, they knelt to Rodrigo, calling him their “ Cid,” meaning their “ lord ;” but he replied, —

“ I am neither lord nor master
Where the King Fernando is :
All ye bring to him pertaineth ;
Nought can I his vassal claim.”

The king was so pleased with this graceful modesty and humility, that he himself replied to the messengers of the Moorish kings, —

“ Say ye to your lords, albeit
This their Cid no crown doth wear,
To no monarch is he second ;
With myself he may compare.

All my realm, my wealth, my power,
To this knight's good sword I owe:
To possess so brave a vassal,
Well it pleaseth me, I trow."

And ever after, from that time, he was called the "Cid." The Spaniards themselves added the name "Campeador," which means a hero, or a champion, without any equal. Thus the title "Cid Campeador" is of a double meaning and honor. Many other deeds of valor were displayed; for the Cid had a famous sword, which was named Tizona, and was equal to the magical sword, Caliburn, of King Arthur. He had, too, a wonderful horse, which bore him bravely through all perils and dangers. We say, wonderful; for, when he was a colt, he was such an ugly, scrabby-looking little creature, that Rodrigo's godfather, who allowed him to have his choice of a colt, was surprised that he chose so miserable-looking an animal. But Rodrigo seemed to see farther or more wisely than any one else. He believed it would really be a good horse; and, as the colt grew up, it was indeed as bold and as brave

as its master. It bore the name Babieca, which became as celebrated as the name of the Cid himself.

On one occasion, a stalwart knight came out to meet the Cid ; and he boasted that he would soon make of him a trophy. He exclaimed, —

“ Never more to thine own castle
Wilt thou turn Babieca’s rein ;
Never will thy loved Ximena
See thee at her side again.”

But his words were mere boasting, as, on the contrary, the Cid Campeador conquered the knight, and bore his head away as a trophy on his shield. But we like much better to tell of more gentle deeds and scenes than these ; and we turn to the pleasant one here related, and so interestingly, that we copy it entire. The Cid was making a pilgrimage to the shrine of Santiago, who was the patron saint of Spain ; and was accompanied by twenty other gentlemen.

“ On the road, he saw a leper in the midst of a slough, crying loudly for help. The generous youth

on the instant dismounted, and dragged him out ; then, having seated him on his own beast, he led him to an inn, and made him there sit down to supper with him at the same table, to the great wrath of the twenty hidalgos ; and finally shared with him his bed. At midnight, Rodrigo was awakened by a sharp and piercing blast blowing on his back. He started up in great alarm, and felt for the leper, but found him not in the bed. He sprang to his feet, and called for a light. A light was brought ; but no leper was to be found. He again lay down ; when presently a figure, in robes of shining white, approached the bed, and thus spoke : —

‘I St. Lazarus am, Rodrigo ;
Somewhat would I say to thee :
I the leper am to whom
Thou hast shown such charity.

Thou of God art well beloved :
He hath granted this to thee, —
That on whatsoe’er thou enterest,
Be it war, or what it may,
Thou shalt end it to thine honor,
And shalt prosper day by day.

To respect and pay thee reverence,
Moor or Christian ne'er shall fail :
None of all thy foes shall ever
Over thee in fight prevail.

Life shall bring thee no dishonor ;
Thou shalt ever conqueror be :
Death shall find thee still victorious ;
For God's blessing rests on thee.'

With these prophetic words, the saint vanished. The hero fell on his knees, and continued in thanksgiving to God and Holy Mary * till the break of day, when he pursued his pilgrimage."

A strange thing, however, the Cid once did, which shows how difficult it is to be *perfect*. The good King Ferdinand died ; and the new king, becoming displeased with Rodrigo, banished him, or sent him into exile from Castile. On his way, he was at a great loss what to do ; for every one had been forbidden to supply him with provisions : even his own house was barred and bolted against

* Spain was then, and has always been to this day, a Roman-Catholic country.

him. Then it occurred to him that he would borrow a thousand florins of some Jews, giving them for security two large chests, telling them that they were laden with silver, and, if he did not redeem them in one year, they might sell them for the thousand florins. So, —

“Trusting to the Cid’s great honor,
Twice the sum he sought they lend :
To their hands he gave the coffers ;
Full were they of — nought but sand !”

But when his days of prosperity came again, and he had been recalled home, he fully repaid them.

“To the worthy Jews two hundred
Marks of gold bear with all speed,
With as many more of silver,
Which they lent me in my need,

In my knightly honor trusting ;
But I basely did deceive,
And, in pledge thereof, two coffers
Full of nought but sand did give.

Pray ye of them, for my solace ;
Pray them now to pardon me ;
Sith with sorrow great I did it
Of my hard necessity.

Say, albeit within the coffers
Nought but sand they can espy,
That the pure gold of my truth
Deep beneath that sand doth lie."

There is another interesting incident, which shows a touching and beautiful trait of modest humility in our valiant hero. A knight named Martin Pelaez, — who was scarcely worthy to be a knight, from his timid and fearful spirit, — on one occasion, when the Christians were fighting a terrible battle with the Moors, crept away secretly to his tent, and there concealed himself. When the Christians returned to their camp, and were ready to refresh themselves at their repast, the Cid took his place at a table alone ; for it seems that no one ever sat down with him at his meals, but his famed knights all sat at another table, by themselves. At this time,

while they were all partaking, the very unwarlike and unknighly cavalier mentioned above came out from his hiding-place to take a seat beside them, according to the poem : —

“ Thinking that my Cid Rodrigo
Had not witnessèd his shame,
In came Martin, neat and cleansèd ;
Straight unto the board he came,
Where did sit Don Alonz Fañez
With his mighty men of fame.

Up the good Cid then arose,
Seized his arm, and whispered low,
‘ Friend, to eat with these great warriors
Is not meet for such as thou.

These are knights of provèd valor ;
Better men than we are they :
Sit thee, then, at this my table ;
Of my viands eat, I pray.’

Down then sat he with Rodrigo ;
At his board with him did eat :
Thus the Cid with wondrous mildness
Did rebuke him, as was meet.”

After this gentle rebuke, and the meal was quite over, the Cid took him aside, and spoke to him very plainly, but still in generous words. "Is it possible," said he, "that a man nobly born, as thou art, can fly, through terror of the strife? Knowest thou not that it is honorable to die on the battle-field? Better hadst thou turned monk: peradventure thou mayest be able to serve God in the cloister; but thou canst not in the war. Nathless, try once more: go forth this evening to the fight, place thyself at my side, and let me see what spirit thou canst show."

Martin was very much touched and affected, and earnestly did he determine to throw off his cowardice; so that, when the battle was renewed, no one was more valiant than he. He was foremost in the onset.

"Martin was the first that rushèd
Headlong on the coming foe:
No fear then, I wot, he provèd;
Wondrous valor he did show;
His right arm wrought grievous slaughter;
Many Paynims he laid low.

As they fell right fast before him,
‘ Whence this furious fiend ? ’ they cried :
‘ Ne’er have we beheld such valor ;
None his onset can abide.’ ”

Thus kindness and magnanimity can conquer even
vices in others.

We must give one more extract from the poems
about our hero, to show how valiantly he conducted
himself in the midst of an action. It is said, “ The
small band of Christians soon found themselves in
imminent danger of being hemmed in by the over-
whelming hosts of the foe : —

“ But my good Cid, this perceiving,
Rushèd on the enemy :
’Gainst their ranks he spurred Babieca,
Shouting loud his battle-cry, —

‘ Aid us, God and Santiago ! ’
Many a Paynim he laid low :
To despatch a foe, he never
Needed to repeat a blow.

Well it pleased the Cid to find him
Mounted on his steed once more,
With his right arm to the elbow
Crimsoned all with Moorish gore.”

We cannot tell the hundred brave and noble deeds he did, — some such as the following : —

The former king had died ; and the new king had been offended with Rodrigo on account of his great plainness of speech and strict honesty, and had banished him from his presence. But now, when he received the rich spoils of the Moslem tents which he had just taken, he sent them to Alphonso, the new king ; and the “king, overcome by the Cid’s noble forgetfulness of wrongs, thereon granted his pardon, and restored him to his favor.” But the following incident does not look quite so valorous. Our Cid went to Rome (the very Rome where Nannine and Gianina with their family lived, and where our fairy Glassée was telling her stories) ; and it is said he “chanced to stray into the Church of St. Peter, and there beheld seven marble seats set for the Christian kings then in Rome.” He saw that that of the French king was next to the throne of the Pope, and the seat of his own Spanish king was lower down. So he knocked the seat of the French king violently with his foot, throwing it down, and

breaking it all to pieces, putting that of his own king in its place. Thus our Cid was scarcely a "Cid" in his demeanor then; but, in those days, "might" often made "right," and honor was in outward power and authority.

We have dwelt so long upon the story of the "Cid Campeador," that there is scarcely room to tell any thing more about old Spain; but there is one tale so curious and droll, that we will relate a little of it in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

DON-QUIXOTE PICTURES.

IN the days of our childhood, there were on the book-shelves of our father's library numerous volumes of a work in Spanish, with which he often entertained himself in reading ; and he would frequently read aloud some droll passages which had made him laugh irresistibly. The books were full, too, of comical pictures, which greatly amused the children ; and thus "Don Quixote, the Knight of La Mancha," became, as it were, a household word, or rather a household story. From those days until now, the work had never been otherwise perused ; for who, in these days of a thousand books, can go back and read up the voluminous history of a half-crazy personage of ages past, whose adventures were

nearly as many, maybe, as were those of the thousand and one Arabian Nights? Nevertheless, who does not feel a little acquainted with this erratic gentleman? or who would not like to know something about him, who has made such a mark in the world, that almost every one at least knows his name? Why, "Don Quixote" has become such a proverb, that now, if any thing is done in a whimsical, visionary, out-of-the-way manner, we call it *Quixotic*. Thus his name has become a part of our very language; and as perhaps but a few persons, now and then, read the story, we propose, after a little introductory sketch, to turn over again those leaves, to look at the pictures, and explain them as we go along.

This wonderful gentleman, Don Quixote, had read so many books about "chivalry" and "knight-errantry," that his poor head was quite turned, and he could think of nothing but of knights wandering round to do some good deed; of rescuing unfortunate damsels, beautiful, but unhappy; or of helping some poor man in distress. In fact,

he felt that he, too, must become a knight-errant, and do those brave deeds which would be living highly useful in the world, and would make his name become famous and great. He had only a housekeeper, and a niece who lived with him; so he could well be spared from home: and he resolved to accoutre himself immediately as a knight, and go forth to seek adventures. So he brought out some old rusty armor that had belonged to his great-grandfather,—this is the first picture in the books,—cleansing and polishing it up, and putting it together as well as he could. But the helmet, he found, had no front-piece. That would never do; and he made a front-piece, a visor, of pasteboard: but brandishing his sword to try it, to see how it would answer, he split it, at once, quite in two! Then he contrived another; and, in order to make this more strong, he put some little bars of iron underneath; and, when he put it on to his head to wear, he fastened it with strings of green ribbon! These were tied so tight, that when he came to go to bed at night, after his

first day of adventures, neither he nor any one else could untie them for him ; and so he had to sleep all night with his helmet on ! When his armor was all prepared, the next thing to do was to look after a horse.

He had an old drudge-horse, that was far more lean than fat ; and he had become so rusty in his work, that he could scarcely go out of a slow jog-trot : but the master was as fond of him as any hero had ever been of a more stately charger ; and, by giving him a high-sounding name, he thought it would make amends for all deficiencies ; so he called him “ Rosinante.” His own name he had transformed into “ Don Quixote,” — Quixote being the name, and Don the title ; and, as the name of the country in which he lived was La Mancha, he styled himself “ Don Quixote de La Mancha.” One other thing was wanting, — a lady-love ; to whom, or for whom, he might make his vows ; and to whom he should be faithful through all perils and chances ; and for whom he might even die, were it necessary. For this he fixed upon a country-maid, whom he

had known a little by sight, but to whom, I believe, he had never spoken ; and gave her the sweet name of "Dulcinea." Now that all was ready, our knight sallied forth in quest of his first day's adventures ; but they amounted to nothing more than arriving late and tired at an inn, where he found two damsels waiting.

In his great imagination, he considered this common country-inn to be a grand castle ; and he only looked for the draw-bridge to be raised, and a dwarf to appear on the tower to shout out a signal. Therefore those two country-maidens, who were simply waiting there for some conveyance, he conceived to be the grand ladies and mistresses of the castle ; and he was immediately seized with a violent ardor to perform for them some gallant exploit. But, unhappily, it came over his mind that he had never been dubbed a knight, and that therefore his deeds, however famous they might be, could but little avail ! To remedy this difficulty, with great gravity he went to the innkeeper, and begged him to follow him to the stable ; and there he fell down

on his knees before him, entreating him to perform for him the service of dubbing him a knight. The innkeeper had already suspected that his mind was in a mania on the subject of knight-errantry : so he humored him, and promised him, after he had watched his armor through the night, he would perform for him the deed. Now, "watching the armor" is an important part of the ceremony of being made a knight : so Don Quixote put himself valiantly to watch his through the long dark hours ; but, unfortunately, he piled it up on a cistern which was close by a well of water. Here is the second picture. The armor stands like a man upright on the cistern, and the (to be) Knight of La Mancha, with his buckler on his arm and his lance in his hand, is to pace back and forth before it. The moon shines bright ; and, with a graceful bend, he is pausing, leaning upon his lance, and gazing at the armor in the sparkling moonlight.

By and by, some men, who were stopping at the inn, took a fancy to water their cattle, and must needs come to the well, and to the cistern where the

armor was piled up. One man first approaches. Don Quixote halts, and challenges him. The man pays no attention, but lifts up the armor, and throws it off the cistern. Fired with indignation, the knight (to be) seizes his lance, and, with one stroke, levels the man to the ground. But soon another traveller comes on the same errand; and he, too, is treated in the same valiant and summary manner. Their cries call out the host, and he thinks it is well to get rid of his valiant guest as speedily as possible: so he dubs him a knight on the spot, pronouncing over him some mystical words, and giving him a blow with his sword on his shoulders. Then the Knight of La Mancha rises from his knees, as proud and as happy as any lordly knight might be who is knighted by a queen herself. Then, when he had mounted Rosinante and ridden forth again, he thought to himself that — now a true knight and cavalier — he ought to have a squire to wait upon him; and for this purpose he remembered a poor countryman who lived in his town, who, he thought, would be suitable for his man.

He turned directly, and rode towards home ; but soon on the way he perceived a man who was punishing a boy. The boy was crying out lustily, and saying he would “do so no more !” Don Quixote, quite indignant, rode up to the man, and asked him how he dared to be doing such a thing. “Unbind him instantly !” said he. The man was forced to obey ; and the knight rode off, saying he should return and chastise him if he attempted to punish the boy again. The man waited until the knight was out of sight ; and then he turned and commenced again, and finished the chastisement ! Soon after, there was a train of six merchants advancing along the road ; and they had with them three mules and a muleteer. These, thought Don Quixote, as he saw them in the distance, must be veritable knights-errant. Now would be the time to challenge them, and declare his boldness and prowess. So, with lance in hand, he rode boldly forward and challenged them, commanding them by the truth and honor of knighthood to swear that never in all the world had they seen one to compare in beauty with

his lady, the beautiful Dulcinea. (We must remember that Dulcinea was very good-looking, perhaps; but she was a country-wench, and was stout and brown from working in the fields.) The gentlemen, very much astonished, declared that they knew nothing about the Lady Dulcinea, and could not swear to what they did not know. The puissant cavalier, however, would not take this for an excuse: so he began to rush at them with all the speed of Rosinante; but the poor animal stumbled in the midst, and over him tumbled and rolled Don Quixote upon the ground! The merchants, in the meantime, got safely away: but the knightly gentleman was so pressed on and covered by his armor, that he knew not how to rise; and the man who had charge of the mule came up to him, and began to beat him so roundly with his stick, that it seemed as if poor Don Quixote would have nothing left of him.

The merchants called him away at last; but the poor battered knight lay on the ground, and might have remained there still, perhaps; but a

good man who came along, riding on an ass, took pity upon him, and gathered him up, with his broken armor, and pieces of the lance, which had been quite shivered by the muleteer's strokes. He laid these upon Rosinante : but he put the knight upon his own ass, and led him along towards home with one hand ; while with the other he led Rosinante, too, by his bridle.

The sadly-wounded knight could not help crying out for pain on the way, as he rode slowly along ; and, when arrived at his house, he was taken good care of by his housekeeper and niece, who were wondering what had become of him. But he took great pains not to disclose to them *all* the secrets of his mishaps and misadventures. Nothing daunted, however, when recovered, he set forth on his second adventure ; but this time he was provided with and accompanied by a squire, who became as famous as the erratic knight himself. This was Sancho Panza. Who has not heard of Sancho Panza ? Taking leave of his wife and children, and mounting on his ass Dapple, he followed on behind his master. What

fine promises were made! what great prospects were in store for him! Don Quixote was to win a kingdom by his prowess, and become a king; and Sancho Panza was to be made a royal governor, — an owner of an island, in fact, — a monarch of all he should survey.

As they went on, conversing pleasantly about these great events that should happen, the Knight of La Mancha descried some giants in the distance. "What giants?" said his man, Sancho Panza. "Don't you see those with long arms that are before us? Giants sometimes have arms that are two leagues long." — "I see no giants; nothing but windmills," says Sancho; "and those that look like arms are nothing but the sails, that are blown hither and thither by the wind." — "I see you know nothing!" exclaims Don Quixote. "They are giants. Wait, and see my valorous attack!" So, with spurs to his steed, he rode briskly forward, apostrophizing them as he approached, thinking they were flying before him. "I am but a single knight who attacks you!" said he. "Spread out your arms as much

and as many as you will" (as the sails went flapping round in the wind), "you will see that you shall pay for it!"

So, not minding the cries of Sancho Panza, "Come back, come back! they are no giants at all, and nothing but windmills!" he rushed on with full speed, his shield over his head, and, couching his lance, thrust it straight into a windmill! The wind whirled round the sail* at the same moment, catching the lance, dragging it with it, and the knight and charger after it, until they both rolled over and over on the plain in the sorriest plight imaginable! Poor Sancho came up: "Didn't I tell you so? didn't I tell you they were nothing but windmills?" said he. "Nobody could have mistaken them, if they hadn't windmills in their own head." — "Peace, peace, Sancho!" answered his master: "I really believe some witch metamorphosed the giants into windmills to despoil me of the glory of subduing them."

* The long arms of a windmill were covered with sails, which accounts for a lance being able to go through.

To this day, windmills, with their long arms stretched out, are seen scattered over the country in Spain, the same as when the valorous knight Don Quixote fought against them.

We cannot recount all the adventures of this warlike knight and his squire ; but we will relate a few more of them, and come now to the fourth picture in the books,—that of the man Sancho Panza being tossed up in a blanket. They had stopped all night at a country inn, which Don Quixote, as usual, imagined to be a lordly castle. When he was about to leave in the morning, the host, on demanding his pay, was assured by the wandering knight, that, in all the books of chivalry he had ever read, he had never heard of a knight-errant paying for his lodgings, — “they, miserable creatures ! having to wander about discovering wrongs and redressing grievances, met with so many hard blows, and terrible mishaps and misadventures, that it was but right they should have their living and lodging free, wherever they happened to be.” So saying, he put spurs to Rosinante, and rode off with all speed ;

never waiting for Sancho to follow on. The host then ran to secure the squire, resolving that he would obtain his pay from one or the other ; but Sancho Panza avowed, that, if the knight did not pay, neither should his squire be called upon. He could not think of setting such an ill example as that for all squires that should come after : *he* would not break through the rules of knights-errant, and so bring dishonor upon all knighthood. Upon this, Sancho was about to ride off on Dapple, when, as it happened, some half-dozen fellows from different places, who had been stopping over night at the inn, and were full of mirth, fun, and frolic, overhearing the colloquy between Sancho and his host, immediately went into the house, and brought out a blanket, and proceeded to get poor Sancho off of his ass to the ground. They then seized him, lifting him off his feet, and put him into the blanket. They stood holding it round, at the sides and four corners : and there were so many of them, and they were so strong, that they sent poor Sancho high up into the air ; and, as fast as he came down, up he was sent

again ! He begged and entreated them to stop ; and at last his piercing cries began to reach the ears of his master across the plain, who had turned about to see what had become of his man. Perceiving what they were doing, the knight rode hastily back up to the gate of the *castle*, as he called it : but, finding it locked, he went round another way ; and, not being able at all to get into the inn-yard, he sat there on his horse, looking over the fence upon the tossing in the blanket. He lifted up his voice, however, as loud as he could, to try to command or persuade them to desist ; which, when the men were quite tired out with their laughter and sport, they did ; and then they helped the poor bruised Sancho to get upon his ass, and let him go quietly off. He was not a little angry, to be sure, at the treatment he had received ; but he took great satisfaction in the thought that he had *not paid*, and that nothing could have persuaded him to !

As Rosinante and Dapple went pacing along side by side, their masters, the knight and his squire,

had some interesting talk about the proceedings; and Don Quixote seemed to think, that, if he could have gotten over the fence, he would never have suffered them to treat his squire in so indecorous a manner. He was in hopes, in future, that he might get an enchanted sword, and have it always by him. Poor Sancho seemed to be very doubtful if it would do *him* any good: such swords might be very useful to knights-errant themselves; but, as for the squires, he was afraid they would be of little avail.

While they were travelling on, talking in this manner, there appeared before them — and this is the fifth picture — a great cloud of dust in the road; in fact, there were two clouds: one appeared to be moving in one direction, and the other in another, as if they were about to meet. Don Quixote, upon this, was filled with the greatest joy; for now he should witness the meeting of two great armies, as he believed these must be, and behold their deadly combat on the very plain before them. Yes: certainly there was the great lord Pentapolin at the head of one army, and the lord (quite as

great) Alifanfaron at the head of the other; and there were princes on each side, on their bold chargers,—some of them clothed in armor of the purest white; and there were knights and grand dukes, and even giants treading along with their powerful stature. As his master went on enumerating all these, Sancho turned round to see if he could behold them (for he began to be a little astonished at the vision of the wandering knight); and he ventured to ask where these could be. He could see nothing: perhaps it was all enchantment; as they had been enchanted before, sometimes. “Do you not hear the steeds neighing, and the trumpets sounding, and the drums beating?”—“I hear a bleating,” says Sancho, “of sheep and lambs.” And just then, as the clouds had come nearer and nearer, and they could penetrate a little more clearly through them, two great flocks of sheep appeared, some of which were snow-white. Don Quixote, however, could see nothing but the giants and the dukes and the princes and knights-errant. So, determining to join in the rencounter,

he pricked Rosinante with his spurs, and darted off with all speed. Poor Sancho was again left far behind ; and in vain he called out to him, " Come back, come back ! they are nothing but sheep and lambs ! " But Don Quixote, determined to join in with Pantapolin or the great Alifanfaron, rushed on into the very midst of the battle-field, and threw his lance around him on the right and the left, attacking the poor sheep and lambs on all sides ! The shepherds called out to him, " Stop ! be done ! " but the more furiously he worked, — scattering and driving all before him. Then the shepherds caught up stones, and hurled them at him ; but he heeded them not, — it would not do for a knight-errant to be afraid of such a missile. So on he kept ; and at length one of the men threw a stone so violently, that Don Quixote for a moment thought himself slain. Then he attempted to take a little balsam that he always carried in his pocket ; and, in the mean time, one stone after another fell so hard upon him, that even his teeth were knocked out of his mouth ; and at last he was thrown from his horse.

Now the shepherds thought they had really killed him; and they gathered together their sheep as quickly as they could, and got away out of sight as fast as possible. Poor Sancho had all this time been looking on in despair, and now he came to his master to bind up his wounds. "Did I not tell thee, dear master," said he, "that they were sheep and lambs, and not an army of men?" — "Oh, truly!" said the knight. "The enemy must have enchanted thee again, and made those squadrons of war look to thine eyes like a flock of sheep!"

Sancho Panza began to think that it was not all quite right with his master, and also that it was about time for them to be returning home; and he modestly suggested to the knight that he could now put an end to his adventures, since he had met with so many wounds, scars, and bruises. He had been examining him by the light of a torch (for it was then evening); and with his teeth almost all gone, and fatigued and famished as he was, he most certainly represented "the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure." Don Quixote was quite charmed

with this title, so accidentally bestowed, and wondered how his man had hit upon so apt a device. He would certainly have a "sorrowful figure" engraven on his shield; and as others were known by their devices, so he would be known ever after by this, — the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.

However, he was not yet quite ready to return home. He had not performed fully the part he had laid out: he had made no lamentations and sighs and wild mournings for his Dulcinea, — the sweet Dulcinea del Toboso, — the lady, the princess, the most beautiful, the most incomparable, in the world! For we must remember how the fancy of Don Quixote enlarged every thing; and all connected with his knighthood appeared to him the most glorious and the most beautiful imaginable.

But there were a few more adventures before this was to take place, — before they came to a romantic valley which was appropriate for those sighs and tears to be poured forth; and one of these adventures was the meeting of a barber with his great basin on his head. For as this fellow was

going along the road, riding on an ass, it began to rain ; and, having on a new hat, he turned his large basin, which he was carrying with him, right over it, to prevent it from becoming wet and spoiled. The basin (which was of brass), having been newly and brightly burnished, shone almost like the sun, and could be seen at a great distance. The Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, as he beheld it, felt sure that this must be some knight of great renown with his glittering helmet, and that he was mounted on a gray-colored warrior steed. So, with no more ado, he started as swiftly as Rosinante could carry him, with his long lance couched, ready to meet and challenge the knight, and, if necessary, pierce him in the breast through and through ! As he came on so swiftly, and shouting out at the same time some strange address, the poor barber knew not what to make of it : but, to avoid the lance being sent straight through him, he slipped down off his ass ; and, in his fear and alarm, his brass basin fell to the ground. He did not stop to pick it up, but ran off over the fields as quickly as he could go.

The valiant knight-errant might have followed him ; but he was quite satisfied with the “golden helmet,” which he now picked up, and put it on his head to wear ; as, in one of his adventures, his own helmet had become quite broken and despoiled. The man for whom this “golden” one was made must have had a large head, he thought, it sat so loosely on his !

At length, Don Quixote and his man found themselves in a wild, woody, rocky glen, where, in an affray, Dapple, the ass, had been stolen from Sancho. Don Quixote thought now it would be a good time to turn Rosinante out, too, to his fate, and to give himself up to sighs, groans, and despair for his lady-love. This he did, taking off the horse’s bridle, and turning him loose ; and then, in the first place, he had to write a letter to his Dulcinea del Toboso to acquaint her with his intentions. This also he did, and sent the letter by Sancho. As Dapple was lost or stolen, Sancho thought the sir knight should let him have his Rosinante. So Rosinante was bridled again, and mounted ; and Sancho proceeded

alone towards their native village, leaving his master by himself to perform his antic groans and despairs. This he did in a thousand queer ways,—beating his head against the rocks, and so forth. In the mean time, Sancho with Rosinante travelled on without any mishap, and was approaching at length towards the town ; when he met the priest and the barber of the place,—the very same, who, on a time before, seeing the bad influence that the books of chivalry and knight-errantry had had upon the brain of the luckless gentleman, had undertaken to examine and pronounce upon those books ; and then the housekeeper burnt and destroyed them,—almost his whole library !

Now that they saw Rosinante coming along with Don Quixote's squire upon his back, they were deeply interested to hear all about him, and to know what had befallen him in his long absence. His housekeeper too and niece had been very anxious in regard to him ; and the barber and priest, after hearing his story, and of where he now was, concerted a scheme with the man Sancho to go in dis-

guise, and try to bring his luckless master back to himself, to his friends, and to society. In due time, their plans were all laid out and ready; and they started off, with the squire for a guide. When they approached the place where Don Quixote was found again, they took the greatest pains not to let him know who they were; and, with great skill and dexterity, they carried on all their measures. They had fallen in with a party, a lady among them, who agreed to assist in their attempt. So, the lady was to be called the Princess or the Empress Miconomica; and she was to entreat Don Quixote to avenge her of a terrible enemy, a giant, who pursued her, and endeavored to obtain her kingdom. She was to reward with her hand the gallant knight who should perform the exploit. Don Quixote was highly pleased at her preference of him: and now it seemed indeed that all was to come true, — that he should marry the Princess Miconomica, and become a king or an emperor in his own right; and Sancho Panza would become Don Sancho, a royal governor at least! His only fear was, that, as the

Princess Miconomica's kingdom was in Africa, his nation might be a nation of blacks. "But," said he, "let me alone : I will soon turn them into white and yellow boys, be they never so black."

As their plans proceeded, little by little they enticed the wandering knight (he being all unconscious) out of the woods, and so far on their return, that they had arrived back to the very inn where Sancho had been tossed in the blanket. It was a sore trial to Sancho to enter again the inn. He was at first almost determined not to, but finally was obliged to do so with the rest of the party. During their stay here of a day or two, there happened another strange "adventure." In the room where Don Quixote slept, — this is another picture in the books, — at the head of his bed, along by the wall, stood some jars or *leather-skins* of wine (which were in use in Spain in those days).

Don Quixote, weary with sleep, but his mind still bent upon and excited with his various adventures, rises in the middle of the night in a state of somnambulism, and goes to work with his lance, — think-

ing he is fighting some mortal enemy, or, in fact, with the very giant himself of the Princess Miconomica,—and pierces these wine-sacks of leather all through and through! Out comes flowing the red wine in streams all over the floor; and the combatant, wholly unconscious, continues piercing them, plunging deeper and deeper his lance, until finally the cries of Sancho, who has discovered the mischief, bring the whole household to the spot. He, too, shouts out that it was the giant with which his master was combating, and declares that he saw his head rolling on the floor; and that now the Empress Miconomica could come into her lawful dominions, and his master take possession of his kingdom! But the landlord enters in a furious manner; wants to know what all this means; and declares, that as this knight-errant once escaped him, and refused to pay his just bill for himself and his man, and the horse and the ass, he shall not do so again; but he shall make up every farthing of the money, and pay for the wine and wine-sacks to boot. The poor knight, wholly ignorant of the mischief, being still

in a deep sleep, avows that he has cut off the head of the giant, who was an enemy to the beautiful Princess Miconomica, and that that princess might now live peaceful in her own dominions.

Now, thought Sancho, as the giant was dead, his master would marry; and then for the governorship! This was all, however, soon put a stop to a day or two after; as the priest and the barber thought they must now take one more step, which would convey Don Quixote quite to his home. The other travellers were about to leave them to proceed the rest of the way alone; and they must now, therefore, have more security for his person, as he could more easily slip away from them, should he discover their designs. Therefore, the people of the inn still helping them, they contrived a large square cage, and carried it to his room. When the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure was there fast asleep, they bound his arms and limbs tight with cords, so that, when he awoke, he was unable to move them: but he believed this was all by the enchantment of the "enchanted castle" to which he had come; and so

he took it quite in good part, and quietly submitted, not supposing there was any escape for him. They then — his man Sancho Panza standing by all the while, and thinking this looked very strange — removed him into the cage, and fastened it. They had already engaged a man with a cart and oxen ; and so the cage was taken down, and put into the cart, — another picture. They proceeded slowly along the way. Don Quixote could not help thinking that this was a very peculiar manner for a knight to be carried about. Generally, he said, they were conveyed with wonderful quickness through the air, on a cloud perhaps, or in some fiery chariot : he never knew of any one before being transported in a cart by oxen !

For a while, they were accompanied by some of the travellers at the inn ; and they made quite a procession, moving slowly along to keep pace with the tardy steps of the oxen with the cart : but, before arriving at their own town, there was no one left but the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure in the cage, and the priest and the barber and Sancho Panza, and Rosinante and Dapple (as the ass had

been found again after having been stolen). As the news of their arrival quickly flew about the village, the wife of Sancho came out to meet him, and inquired if the ass had come home quite well, and whether he had brought any thing for her and the children. "There will be plenty of good things to come in time," said Sancho ; for, if they were to go out again on adventures, he "would certainly be an earl, or the governor of an island."

The housekeeper and niece received the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure with all kindness and care, and laid him on a comfortable bed, where he was well nursed for a time ; the priest and the barber begging them to take good care that he did not get away again, after all the pains they had had in bringing him home.

Poor Don Quixote never got over his passion for being a knight-errant ; and, when he became quite well, he began to think seriously again of going about for adventures. But we presume he never performed any others so curious as these which have here been recounted.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GYPSIES AND THE FAIRIES.

WE could hardly leave Spain without becoming acquainted a little with the gypsies, which abound there. These people are scattered all over Europe; but there are more of them in the southern part of Spain than anywhere else. Gypsies are the most singular people we know of. It is thought they came originally from Hindostan, and were a people of India, as they resemble them in many respects; and there are tribes of them there as well as elsewhere.

There are so many of them in Europe, — several hundred thousand, — and they keep so entirely apart, never mingling or intermarrying with others, that they are almost a nation by themselves. They

will scarcely live in houses, or even in tents, but in caves, and in huts built below ground. Their dark rooms are weird-looking places, with a blazing fire, perhaps, in the centre, and a kettle hung over it; and the women with short gowns and red kerchiefs. They will not be educated, because they prefer a wandering, roving life, and do not seem to be able to conduct as other people do. They are great fortune-tellers, as we all know; and they like to dance in the open air, and to play on instruments, and sing. They have bright black eyes, an olive complexion, white teeth; and, when young, they are often quite handsome and attractive.

Gypsies trade a great deal in donkeys and horses. The man who stole Sancho Panza's ass, Dapple (for, although the story of Don Quixote be fictitious, it describes little incidents exactly to the life), disguised himself as a gypsy, knowing their language well, and tried to sell the animal. Then it was that Sancho Panza accidentally discovered him; and, when he claimed his old donkey, the "gypsy" man started on a sudden, and disappeared from sight,

leaving poor Dapple in the hands of his loving master again, who had sorrowfully missed him.

The following amusing sketch of a traveller in Spain * gives us a little insight into the character of the gypsies, and the curious sort of witchcraft which they seem to possess. The "Calo," of course, is the gypsy dialect. One man is recounting his experience to another, and he says, —

"The insolence of these gypsies is no longer to be borne. When I am at Merida or Badajoz, I go to the market; and there, in a corner, stand the gypsies, jabbering to each other in a speech which I understand not. 'Gypsy gentleman,' say I to one of them, 'what will you have for that donkey?' — 'I will have ten dollars for it, cabellero nacional,' † says the gypsy: 'it is the best donkey in all Spain.' 'I should like to see its paces,' say I. 'That you shall, most valorous!' says the gypsy; and, jumping upon its back, he puts it to its paces, first of all whispering something into its ear in Calo;

* Mr. George Barrow.

† This might be translated, "Citizen gentleman."

and truly the paces of the donkey are most wonderful, such as I have never seen before. 'I think it will just suit me;' and, after looking at it a while, I take out the money, and pay for it. 'I shall go to my house,' says the gypsy; and off he runs. 'I shall go to my village,' say I; and I mount the donkey. 'Come, get up!' say I; but the donkey won't move. I give him a switch; but I don't get on the better for that. 'How is this?' say I; and I fall to spurring him. 'What happens then, brother?' The wizard no sooner feels the prick, than he bucks down, and flings me over his head into the mud. I get up, and look about me: there stands the donkey, staring at me; and there stands the whole gypsy crew, squinting at me. 'Where is the scamp who has sold me this piece of furniture?' I shout. 'He is gone to Granada, valorous,' says one. 'He is gone to see his kindred among the Moors,' says another. 'I just saw him running over the field in the direction of' — says a third. In a word, I am tricked. I wish to dispose of the donkey: no one, however, will buy him: he is a Calo

donkey, and every person avoids him. At last, the gypsies offer thirty reals for him ; and, after much chaffering, I am glad to get rid of him at two dollars. It is a trick, however : he returns to his master, and the brotherhood share the spoil amongst them. All which villany would be prevented, in my opinion, were the Calo language not spoken ; for what but the word of Calo could have induced the donkey to behave in such an unaccountable manner ?”

Gypsies, it is true, seem to have a sort of magic or witchery about them, much like that which we attribute to fairies. That is not the reason, however, for which we placed the title, “The Gypsies and the Fairies,” at the head of the chapter, as *our* fairies had nothing whatever to do with these strange beings. It was only meant to be expressed by that title, that now, after our long, far-away rambles, we are coming back to our fairies in the garden, to stop and refresh ourselves a little with them, before taking a new leave on another far-off expedition. Glad were they too, we may believe, to nestle down among their flowers and vines and sheltering hedges,

and carry on some of their own peculiar doings, after being so long engaged with those of mortal men,—human beings. Now, if we would take a little peep, we might see some of the most fairy-like occupations imaginable, such as are related of the following occasion, when two little girls were observing them.

The story is called

THE FAIRY PROCESSION.*

“Lizzie, don’t you think it would be nice to go out to the grove, and see the fairies? They come to-night, and we will have such a pleasant time watching them!” So Lizzie and Ellen went out, until they came to a golden circle. Ellen said, “Hush, hush! don’t make a noise, Lizzie: they will soon be here.” They listened, and they heard a sound, as if a thousand beetles were flying. Then

* This and the succeeding story were composed by a little girl between nine and ten years of age. She repeated them to her teacher, who, as she did so, took them down in mostly her own words.

they saw a party of little fairies. At the head of them came the queen. She wore a rose-colored dress looped up with pearls, and a wreath of white and red roses. Her petticoat was made of the choicest thread-lace; and she had the finest slippers in the world. Their color was a delicate blue, with a pearl on the toe; and there was a pretty little red heel to them.

She was at the head of a magnificent party of fairies: they were all dressed in the handsomest and most costly dresses.

The queen came to the circle, and took her seat, without noticing Lizzie and Ellen, who were hidden behind an immense oak-tree, surrounded by bushes. Presently up came a troop of fairies, mounted on white and black horses, which were as tiny as themselves. Ellen whispered very softly to Lizzie, "I think they are the prettiest things I ever saw." Lizzie beginning to speak, Ellen says, "Hush, Lizzie! don't talk!" Lizzie did not like to be silent, and she felt vexed. At that moment, a little band struck up; and up came another little party of fairies, all

elegantly dressed too, having a wreath of white roses on the head ; and their dresses were of blue satin, looped up with roses ; their slippers were of pure white satin ; and their hair waved in the wind. Last of all came some merry old dandelions, with their yellow caps and green jackets ; and, after them, the modest violets, dressed in their purple robes. Just then the band sounded louder than ever ; and all the fairies took hold of hands, and danced round the circle. Then, all at once, the circle opened, and some guards rushed in, and said that two mortal beings were outside. Upon this the fairies disappeared, and Lizzie and Ellen walked home.

Ellen said, " I told you, Lizzie, not to make a noise ; but you would : and now the fairies are gone forever, and we shall never see them again."

But the next night they went to the grove, hoping the fairies would be there. Instead of fairies, they saw beneath a bush, sheltered from the rain and dew, a little glass box, marked " Ellen's Box." In it was a note, in which was written, " Dear Ellen, thou hast been very good to thy

mother, while Lizzie has troubled her: so we have left thee a present. You will find it in the little box. Keep it forever, dear Ellen, for our sakes. You may never see us again; but be good, and remember us, and tell of us to your children. Tell them to be good. Good-by, Ellen."

Ellen kissed the letter, and put it, with the greatest care, into the box; and after thanking the fairies, and promising them she would be good to her mother, she again opened the box, and saw, in some pink cotton-wool, a diamond cross, so beautifully made, no mortal could have fashioned it. The cross had a golden tassel at the end, and a gold chain to attach it around the neck; and on the back of the cross, which was of gold, was engraved, in silver letters, "Ellen: from the Fairies."

Ellen then took out of her pocket a pretty little pencil which her father had given her, and a little piece of paper,—as she always carried such with her,—and sat down on the stump of a tree, and wrote thus:—

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS, THE FAIRIES, — I thank

you for the little present you sent me. I will endeavor to mind my mother, and will try to be obedient and better every day."

Then Lizzie and Ellen went home again together ; Lizzie very sorrowful, and with her eyes full of grief, but Ellen with a joyful heart. They walked along in silence for some time : then Ellen finally said, " Don't you think the fairies are the dearest little creatures in the world ? " — " No," said Lizzie ; " I think them the stupidest things in the world : I shall never go to see them again." Just then, up ran old Carlo, the dog, and jumped on them. Ellen patted the old fellow ; but Lizzie said, " Let me alone ! " Another time, Ellen went to the stump of the tree where she had had such good success, and brought another letter to the fairies, not thinking they were there. She laid it down, and was about to leave ; when she heard a chuckling laugh. She pricked up her ears, and looked around, and saw an elf under a tree. He said, " Ellen, you have minded us so well, I will give you this present." He took from behind him a little glass chest, and said, " Do not

write any more letters ; but, as I was so much pleased with your conduct, I brought you this. You will never see us again." So Ellen thanked the elf, and promised to obey his command. She took the chest, bade him good-by, and went home. She went to her room, shut herself up, opened the little chest, and, lo ! wrapped up in it was a piece of gold !

Ellen was ever good after this, and lived happily.

We hope that Lizzie, too, became good, and that Ellen could share with her her treasure.

I am afraid that none of the rest of us will ever receive a piece of gold and a diamond cross from our fairies ; but we can receive something better still, — a lesson and an example to go about doing good, as in the succeeding little tale. This fairy must be our very friend Dewdrop,* who appeared in the first pages of this book. She too, it seems, was as fond of journeying as others, and knew also all

* The name selected in this story was quite accidental, as the little girl who composed it had not seen the stories in this volume. *Her* little story goes as far as through the first *adventure*.

about knights and knight-errantry. But if she, slight and fragile as she was, could do so much, what might not all the other fairies do ?

THE FAIRY'S JOURNEY.

Once a little fairy went out to see what she could do that would be of use. First she went to her palace, which was made of crystal, — but, although it was of crystal, no one could see through it, — and, entering her chamber, shut the door ; then opened her closet, and took out a dress of the lightest and most delicate colors of the rainbow, and her slippers, which were made of rose-leaves. She took from a drawer her starry crown, and placed it on her head ; put on her light, silvery wings ; and took her wand, which was a light, silvery stick, with a star at the end which shot its rays far and near.

Then in a light bag, which was only a rose-leaf tied with a gossamer thread, she put another dress, of a light-blue gossamer ; her best slippers, which were of white rose-leaves ; and another more

beautiful crown, which was formed of a band of light mingled with colored stars. She then mounted her chariot, which was made of silver papers, and was drawn by snowy steeds, all with silvery wings, and harnessed with gossamer threads.

Her servant, who was a dwarf, and whose complexion was of a brownish hue, was dressed in dark-red gossamer stuffs, woven rather coarsely together ; and on his head he wore a blue-bell cap, and around his waist a band of silvery tissue. He had jumped off the seat, helped his fairy mistress into the chariot, put in her bag, then got on the box again, whipped up the winged steeds, and drove off. You must know, this fairy's name was Dewdrop. On she travelled through the clouds, her horses' feet all the way ploughing them with their hoofs. By and by she saw a grove, which was very dark, and looked as if something unhappy had taken place. So she commanded her servant, whose name was Antelope, to descend from the clouds to the grove to see what had happened there. As the chariot lowered down, they heard a moaning sound, as if some one was in

pain. The fairy told her servant to descend more quickly; and he immediately whipped up the steeds, until he made them go like the wind.

Presently they began to feel the tops of the trees under the wheels of the chariot; and they perceived in the depths of the forest a man clad in armor, lying upon the grass: his shield was on the ground near, and his sword by his side. From his breast they saw some red drops trickling on the grass, and he appeared in great distress. Dewdrop told Antelope to stop on the largest and tallest tree they should come to. He did as he was bid; then, jumping off the box, he helped the fairy Dewdrop out. Dewdrop had brought with her a box of provisions; and in the box had been stored very carefully two plates, two light goblets, and a bottle of nectar: in a smaller box was stored some honey, with two napkins. She brought, too, a sheath, a sword, a spear, a gun, and a bow, with a little quiver of arrows; also two or three warm blankets, a soft pillow, and some clothes, with many other necessities and earthly provisions, in case she should

meet with any poor hungry mortal. Then, taking from the box which she carried for herself the vase of nectar, she sipped a good fresh draught, and put the nectar back into its place.

She then threw over her a light, airy cape of invisibility ; and, telling the dwarf to wait until she should come back, — unless he should hear a call ; if so, to come to her directly, — she spread her silvery wings, and descended to the deep grove where she had perceived the man in such agony. She alighted on a leaf near the place where he was ; but he could not see her. She said to him, in a low, sweet voice like the music of a zephyr's wing, "What ails thee, young knight?" At first, he paid no attention to the soft voice that had spoken so kindly to him. She again pronounced the same words in the same gentle tone, "What ails thee, young knight?" He looked around, and, lifting his hands to his eyes, opened his lips, pronouncing a syllable in a tone that none but the fairy could have understood. He then spoke, "Who art thou?" She answered in a kind, gentle voice again, "I am

the kind fairy Dewdrop ; and I am come to help thee in thy troubles. What is the matter with thee, young knight ?” He told her, that, as he was walking through the forest-shade, he heard a noise of something that was strange to him ; and, looking round, he saw — he could not tell what it was that came flying, and pierced him through his armor, and then disappeared. He never knew in his life before of a person who could pierce through armor without breaking his sword : then he paused. “ Oh ! I know who he was,” said the fairy. “ Beware what thou sayest of him, young knight : he is king of the hobgoblins.” Then the knight started up in astonishment, and stared around, and asked where she was who was speaking, that he did not *see her*. Upon this, she took off her cape of *invisibility* ; and then he discovered, seated on a leaf, the kind, good little fairy Dewdrop. “ Now,” she said, “ I must leave thee for a few moments.” Then throwing on again her fairy cape, which made her so invisible, she flew upwards, and took from the chest she had brought a bottle of magical cure, and a stronger

armor than his own, and some of the earthly provisions that were in the chariot. She returned then to the wounded man, and gave him the cure, telling him, that, whenever he needed it, he could rub it on a wound, and it would always heal it. She presented him with an armor which not even the king of the hobgoblins could pierce through; and also with a sword, which he himself might thrust through iron, and not break.

She then gave him the provisions she had brought. The knight thanked her, bidding her good-by. Dewdrop then flew back to her car. Her little man helped her in, whipped up the steeds, and away they darted.

They had not proceeded far when they heard another cry. Stopping to listen, they found it was from a child that a poor woman was carrying in her arms. She was trudging along a dusty road; and, as they looked, she sat down on a stone, and tried to still the child. But the poor little thing would not be stilled: and, when Dewdrop approached,

she saw that it had almost pined away; and the poor mother looked as if she was ready to faint.

The fairy drew near, and asked her very gently. in her kind manner, where she was going. She said she had been away, trying to find some work; and now she was going to her home.

Then the fairy gave her some of her good provisions to strengthen her for her walk, and she followed the woman until she came to her house. It was a small, low cottage, and so poor, that there was nothing in it to sleep upon but an old straw mat. So the fairy gave her the warm blankets that she had, and the soft pillow, and told her that she would look after the child, to see that it got well.

Dewdrop then went on, and drove a short distance farther, and saw a little black boy that was returning from school. The other boys were shouting and laughing at him because his clothes were torn and ragged; but he could not help it, because his mother was dead, and his father worked in the fields, and could not afford to buy new clothes for

him. But the little boy went to school every day, because he wished to learn to read; and he did not mind what the other boys said or did to him.

But now, when the boys treated him so unkindly, the tears came to his eyes. When the fairy saw this, she put on her cape of invisibility, slipped up close beside him, touched him on his shoulder, and whispered something in his ear. He started; then brushed away the tears, and looked up with a most pleasant smile. The boys were surprised to see the change; and they were still more astonished when they saw a new coat thrown over the little black boy's shoulders, but *no one putting it on*.

The good fairy was very much amused when she saw their surprise; and she took off her invisible cape. Then they saw the tiny little creature, with silvery wings, and her starry crown, and the pretty wand in her hand, which shone so like a star. It was with this, I suppose, that she touched the little boy on his shoulder, and made him look up and smile so brightly.

When the boys observed how smart and fine the

little fellow looked with his new coat, they immediately thought they had something they could give him to add to it. One said he had a pair of shoes that he might have, that he knew would just suit him; and another, a pair of trousers that he had outgrown, but he was sure they would be exactly right for the little darky; and a third had a cap that he could very well spare; and so on. So they all set out, and ran to their homes to get the things, and brought them. After that, the little black boy went to school every day, looking very tidy; and he learned his lessons so well, that the boys never troubled him any more.

Dewdrop had not waited until the boys came back. Seeing that they were in such good humor, she thought she could very well leave them: so, bidding them all adieu, she summoned her dwarf, and mounted again to her chariot.

As they passed over the cities, the fairy scattered down all the remaining things she had brought for mortals; then, directing Antelope to turn the horses, they drove back to her palace.

CHAPTER XVI.

JULIUS CÆSAR AND THE GAULS AND BRITONS.

WE can hardly wait to see what other occasion Dewdrop may have found to wear her blue-gossamer robe, and her crown of white light mingled with colored stars; and to use the other things she had ready, — her gun, and quiver with bow and arrows. Perhaps these latter were only for her own defence, and she may not often have found it necessary to use them; but it was well to have them by her. I say, we cannot stop longer now, as we are bound on another long expedition; since Glassée had not yet finished the complete account of the Roman dominions, and what was done to make them so extensive.

That account carries us back to the very people,

with long yellow hair and fearful aspect, who once upon a time, as was told before, made an irruption into the beautiful land of Italy, and went straight towards Rome, and, finding the city deserted,—none being left but the noble senators, sitting mute and dignified in their arm-chairs,—burned it to the ground. Afterwards, when a Roman army was gathered, and returned to the burned-down city, and the barbarian Gauls had demanded a thousand pounds of gold, the brave Camillus stepped up, and said it should not be paid. Upon this, the Gauls were forced to depart; and they never again obtained possession of Rome; but they came quite near it some three hundred years afterwards, when a portion of this same tribe joined the Cimbri and Teutones, who were going so fast towards Italy and Rome, but were wholly defeated by Marius. This was in the year 101 B.C.

The very next year after was born one, who, when he became a man, was to go and defeat these same barbarians, the Gauls, in their own home beyond the mountains, and subdue and conquer

them, and make them a province of Rome. This was Julius Cæsar. He was born in the year 100 B.C., and became one of the greatest heroes and generals that have ever lived. You remember that when he went to Spain, and saw the inscription in honor of King Alexander of Macedon, and of the great things he had done, he thought to himself that he would endeavor to make *his* name great. His first ambition was to be industrious, and become learned and accomplished. He succeeded so well, that he was able not only to perform great exploits, but to write of them a very interesting history, or account of his wars and expeditions, particularly among that very people, the Gauls, whom he subdued. And he had so great a mind, and it was so well trained and disciplined, that he could listen to letters being read, and at the same time write himself, and be dictating for others, — three, four, or even seven letters at a time, it is said.

Julius Cæsar was one of those who helped to conquer Spain; and, when that was quite made a Roman province, the Romans desired to be able to reach it

by the way of Gaul, which was where France now is. Therefore they looked towards that country, hoping to be able to subdue it also. At this time, Pompey the Great was living; and he and Cæsar, and one other general, — Crassus, — obtained so much the control of affairs, that they were called the Triumvirate; and they divided the whole government and the different countries between themselves. To Cæsar was given the command of that part towards Gaul; and he soon found that he could obtain the management of affairs among the inhabitants.

The Gauls were then quite different from the early tribes, who had so long before invaded Rome. They were now settled and established in their country, had quite fine towns, and a good deal of civilization and useful knowledge. They cultivated fields; raised grain and cattle: in fact, it would seem that they had come to be a quite respectable and thriving people. But, at the time that Julius Cæsar came upon their frontiers with some of his Roman legions, they were much troubled by some German tribes who had come across the Rhine, and

were endeavoring to obtain possession of Gaul. Now, these tribes were then different from the Gauls: they were much more barbarous, and they were quite formidable to the peacefully-settled inhabitants. Some of these latter had long since become friendly allies of the Romans; and they were now glad to appeal to the Romans for aid against these newly-invading tribes. Cæsar was able to turn them back into their own country; and also, little by little, step by step, he at length succeeded in bringing the whole country of Gaul under his own sway.

But it took him nearly ten years to do so. That was as long as was the siege of Troy, of olden times. That, however, was but of one city: but Julius Cæsar, in that time, captured a great many cities; and, in the long-continued war, nearly a million of inhabitants were destroyed.

It seems terrible thus to go to destroy and injure otherwise peaceful towns and cities! After possession was once obtained, however, the Roman conquerors were not like others of that time. They did

not continue to destroy, but encouraged and improved these wild or half-civilized places. They built up handsome towns, laid out splendid roads, introduced useful arts of various kinds, and established quite another and higher civilization than had been there before experienced. For instance, the people of all those countries round about had a wild, false religion, — that of the Druids, as the priests were called. They performed barbarous rites, and sacrificed human beings.

When the Romans came, although their own religion was not the purest, as there was no Christianity then, they would not permit these sacrifices, and abolished the very religion itself, with all its barbarous customs. This was the case in Gaul; and the Druids fled, and some of them took refuge in the Island of Britain; and afterwards the Romans drove them from that place also.

Now, this island is not a long distance from France, or Gaul as it then was; and Cæsar, hearing of that land after he came to Gaul, thought to extend his conquests there also.

With a fleet of vessels prepared, he sailed across the British Channel ; and, as he approached the high and rocky shore, he was surprised to find the (Dover) cliffs covered with people armed with darts, and ready to oppose his landing. He found that this would be very difficult ; and he proceeded a few miles farther along the coast, where there was a more open, level country (now Deal) ; and though showers of arrows were poured upon his soldiers, and horsemen and chariots drove out into the very water to meet and attack him, he succeeded in landing his troops. The inhabitants, however, were determined not to submit to a stranger invading their island in that manner ; and they continued to fight and resist. As they were, however, but wild and savage in most respects, Cæsar at length put them to flight, and drove them into the woods. Nevertheless, he found it difficult to maintain his ground without larger forces ; and he went back to France (or Gaul), made greater provisions, and returned a second time. But, though barbarous and uncivilized, these people were, as we have said,

resolved not to be conquered if they could prevent it ; and it was several years before the Romans were able to obtain much of a foothold in the British Islands.

We all know of the brave deeds of Caractacus and Cassibelaun ; and of the Queen Boadicea, who raised a large army, and put herself at the head of it, and would not give up her country, nor fall into the hands of her enemies, without giving up her life also. And these were our progenitors,—all wild as they were then,—the ancestors of Great Britain, the very country from which we have sprung !

It is true, however, that great numbers of the ancient British race were destroyed or banished when the Saxons afterwards invaded the country ; but a remnant of them must have remained, and become mingled with the Saxons, and have helped to form the great body of the now Anglo-Saxon race.

The city of London was begun, and was the capital in those days, as it is now ; but it was then called Lud Town.

Paris too, now the great, splendid, beautiful, magnificent Paris, was commenced in or before the time of Julius Cæsar; but it was then only a little village on an island in the Seine. It grew, and overspread its banks; and bridges were built to connect it with the main land, until it became a great, great city, as it is at the present day.

We are not here going to relate much more about Cæsar: the story of his life must be found in larger works. We will only say, that after making his name very "great" and famous by all his military expeditions and his vast conquests, and by carrying terror by his arms to all the nations round about, he set out to return home. But he and Pompey had a quarrel or rivalry between them. Neither of them could willingly feel that he, in Rome, would be less than the other, or should be governed by the other; and so Cæsar felt that he must carry his veteran troops with him — the legions he had so long commanded — to help him to maintain his place at the head of the government. Now, it was against the law that any general should

return from abroad with armed troops any farther than the little river Rubicon, which separated the actual land of Italy from the surrounding country. Arrived there, he must lay down his command, and enter Rome as a simple citizen. Thus Cæsar knew he would be breaking the laws of his country if he crossed the river with his troops still armed. But he also knew, that, if he did not, Pompey would have greater power than he, because he would have control of all the troops who were at home. This, Cæsar did not like to submit to; and after deliberating, hesitating, thinking what he should do, he ventured to take the bold step to cross the Rubicon, and march straight on to Rome with his armed legions. They, poor men! long accustomed to obey, and being attached to their general, whether they believed him wrong or not, could or did but follow on.

Pompey, alarmed, and not prepared for battle, had nothing to do but to fly from the city; and he went as rapidly as he could to Greece, and raised an army there. There, too, Julius Cæsar pursued him; and the two armies met in a great engage-

ment. Poor Pompey's cause was lost; but he, defeated and sad at heart, escaped, but only to be basely betrayed and murdered by one to whom he had been a former friend. Then it was, when his lifeless remains were carried to Cæsar, that he — as Pompey had done before for *his* rival, Sertorius — wept indignantly at the treachery displayed.

After Cæsar, other Roman generals, with their soldiers and garrisons, kept possession of Gaul and Britain, even so long as for four or five hundred years; as they did also of Spain.

During that time, Rome had become a Christian city; and those three countries also had received Christianity. But, at the end of this period, wild tribes again began to move and migrate from place to place; and they overran those countries, and even went to the very gates of Rome, — as the Vandals, — and the Roman troops had to be recalled from their distant provinces to defend their own native land.

Those migrating tribes which burst over the boundaries into Gaul spread themselves all over

that country, and devastated and destroyed the entire civilization that had now been long established. They overturned every thing but the Christian religion : that they could not disturb. The people would not abandon it, but clung to it more firmly than ever ; and, notwithstanding the persecutions they received, their faith still shone resplendent and triumphant.* Many touching stories are recorded of these early Christians, similar to those we related which happened in Rome.

* History says of this period, " The commencement of the fifth century is marked by the great and victorious irruption of all the barbarian hosts into Gaul. They poured, like a long pent-up and gathering tide, in a thousand destructive torrents throughout the land, sweeping away, and overwhelming in a mass, life, property, and institutions. Were it not for the Christian Church, which held itself aloft and alive above the general inundation, the very memory and precious traditions of the past would have perished amidst the universal ruin. Years elapsed ere the agitation ceased, and the inebriety of conquest was over. When calm was restored, the Visigoths were in possession of Aquitaine and the lands southward of the Loire, with Toulouse for their capital. The Burgundians held the provinces bordering on the Rhone, from the Lake of Geneva to the Mediterranean." — LARDNER'S *France*.

Among the last of these wild tribes were the Franks, who had inhabited a part of Germany. They absolutely settled themselves down in Gaul, and kept possession of the country, and gave it their own name ; so that, from that time to this, it has been called " France."

Their first king, Clovis, married a Christian woman ; and he himself soon professed the Christian religion. Many of his people also soon followed his example ; yet they did not at first seem to understand well what Christianity, or the spirit of Christianity, really was. At length, however, it began to soften and civilize them ; and in the course of one or two hundred years a king appeared, who was one of the greatest sovereigns who has ever lived in any country. This was Charlemagne. From his time, France began truly to rise and improve. He encouraged learning of all kinds, and learned men, and patronized good and sacred books, and made of his native land all that could be made of it in that early age.

He extended his empire so greatly, that it em-

braced even Germany and Italy. He assisted very much, as his father Pepin had done also, in establishing the Pope strongly in his Roman dominions; and Charlemagne desired to bring the services of the Roman Church into France. But the clergy and people there were not at all willing, as they preferred the ancient services, to which they had always been accustomed.

Many strange and magnificent (though fabulous) things are related of Charlemagne's reign; but we can only mention the twelve famous peers, paladins, or knights, who performed all sorts of wonderful feats. There were Orlando and Rinaldo and Rogero, among others, who did all such things as knights ought to do.

They had a famous horse among them, whose name was "Bayard." He was a magnificent animal, proud, high-spirited, and superb, but yet as gentle and loving to his master as a faithful dog. There was also a famous sword, called "Durindana," which was said to have been used by Hector at the siege of Troy! The adventures of these knights are

too numerous to be narrated here ; and those who are desirous to know about them will find them quite written out in other books.* Nor have we room to relate the many interesting stories or incidents which occur in the later history of France, as we wish to recount a few of those of our *ancestral* land, Great Britain.

We will stop only a moment at the story of Telemachus, who wandered over the seas to find his father, Ulysses. Ulysses had been engaged in a long ten-years' war at the siege of Troy, and, after that, never reached his home for another long ten years, being driven about by adverse winds and fates. Telemachus was but an infant when his father went away, and therefore could not remember him ; but when he was old enough, from his own wish, and by his mother's desire, he went in pursuit of Ulysses, with the goddess Minerva for his guide and protector. Telemachus, however, did not know who she was, as she appeared under the form of a wise old man, or tutor, Mentor. It was

* As in Bulfinch's "Legends of Charlemagne."

only after the young hero had passed through all his adventures and great perils and dangers, and was about returning to his home again, that Minerva let fall her disguise, and revealed herself to the astonished eyes of Telemachus as a beautiful and youthful goddess (this story is, of course, of the times of the Grecian divinities). Just before that, Telemachus had fallen in with his father, but never knew him. He appeared to be a stranger, wandering about in the town ; and the heart of the young man warmed towards him, he knew not why. He was waiting for a vessel ; and, when it was ready, he went on board, and sailed straight to Ithaca, his island home. Telemachus, too, was waiting for his vessel ; and he arrived soon after at the same little island. There, Ulysses, disguised as a beggar, was recognized only by his old faithful dog Argos, almost blind from age, which crept to his master's feet, fawned around him, and then laid down and died ! Ulysses then made himself known to Tèlemachus, and to Eumæus, the faithful old shepherd of his flocks.

Penelope, the wife and mother, they found busy at her work,—the tapestry, which she had woven and unwoven again and again since Ulysses had been away; at least, so long as some admirers had annoyed her in her husband's absence, saying that he must be dead, and that she might marry again. Penelope always replied to them, that, when her work was finished, she would marry one of them. But she took great care to unravel at night all that she had done through the day: so the tapestry never was completed!

It would seem hardly necessary to repeat this story of Telemachus, as almost every young person in studying French reads this as a text-book; but we wished more particularly to say how this story came to be written. It was composed by one of the noblest—because *best*—men that ever lived, not only in France, but in the world. He was appointed tutor to the dauphin, who was heir to the throne, the Duke of Burgundy, son of the king Louis XIV. Louis XIV. was one of the most renowned of all the kings who have ever reigned in France; his reign

being very brilliant and celebrated. The young prince, therefore, was brought up in all luxury and splendor ; and although he was the heir, and perhaps on this very account, his passions and his temper became so greatly indulged and ungovernable, that no person could live with him, nor be about him, with any comfort or pleasure. This was a terrible prospect for one who might one day be king. But the king appointed Fénelon, that best and noblest man as was said, — because he was so good and virtuous, — to be the guide and instructor of the young dauphin. For him, Fénelon wrote the story of Telemachus, to show him how a prince ought to live, and to be able to govern his passions, and to learn how to rule his kingdom ; as Telemachus, too, was a prince, the son of a king, and heir to the throne : but he was disposed sometimes to fall into foolish things ; and he had learned much from the wise Mentor, or Minerva, who accompanied him.

This story had a wonderful effect, or the wise and gentle Fénelon himself had a wonderful influence ; for the young duke, from being excitable and

ill-tempered, as he had been, became, like his tutor, one of the mildest, gentlest, and most amiable of human beings. He was growing to be a very noble, generous, and splendid young man ; and the whole nation was looking forward with happiness to his being one day their king : yet, when he was but seventeen years old, he died, to the great sorrow and grief of all the people, as well as of his own family and friends.

CHAPTER XVII.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA. — THE ANGLO-SAXONS.

WE now come to England, our mother-land. When we, Americans, look for *our ancient* history, we have to look there. What concerned her in times past concerns us. We, as well as she, are indebted to the Romans for our civilization; and what took place in those earliest days belongs to ourselves as well as to England. Her history in past centuries, the great men or heroes who figured upon the scenes, and the events which transpired there, are those through which we also are united with the ages past. Are we not the same people, — the Anglo-Saxon race, — having the same origin, and the same identical language? Does not the tie of nature bind us, — the relationship of mother and

daughter? May it, then, ever be a kindly, happy, pleasant bond! When we visit her noble cities; her country-seats, with their splendid groves and lawns; her lordly castles, and picturesque, ivy-grown ruins of the olden and even *Roman* times; her ancient cathedrals, and churches of interesting memories; her pleasant fields and gardens; her highways and by-ways, green-bordered with beautiful hedges, with the lovely vines and flowers outspringing, — do we not feel as if we had a home-like pleasure and welcome there? as if we were in the grounds and magnificent house of a dear old parent or ancestor?

And may not an Englishman travelling in America feel a lively, sympathetic curiosity and interest in the life which the offspring is pursuing in the far-away New Home, levelling down the woods, bringing the land into cultivation, and raising up a new civilization, for which there had scarcely been room or opportunity in the long-built-up Old World?

Yes: we are sure every American must be happy in going to England, viewing the places and scenes

whence his fathers sprung, and seeing how they are living in that old, ancestral home, with all the rich, quaint things that have been gathered there in the long ages. And the English, we are sure, must enjoy now and then visiting that fresh New World where life is still comparatively in a primitive simplicity. Its freedom, youth, and nature must, in a mode, be refreshing to those who are used only to the old routine and experience of long-established countries. Thus may England and America live happily side by side, the one ever a home, in sympathy and feeling, for the other ! Intimately related by birth, race, and language, may they depend, the one upon the other, for kindly strength and support in all heart-felt affection and interest !

So we will now go back, and see what became of *us*, our ancestors, after "we" had attained to civilization through the Romans, and they had been called away to defend their own territories, and left us to ourselves. Alas ! it was not long before "we" were terribly ravaged by wild tribes, who came down

from the northern part of the island: Picts and Scots they were called. Then what must the Britons do but send over to Germany for some of those tribes, who were scarcely beginning to be civilized, to come and help them! These were the Saxons. They came and helped, indeed, and drove away the Scots and Picts; but they were so much pleased with the land, that they thought they would stay, and take possession of it themselves! They sent for other Saxons; and such vast numbers came, that they completely filled and overran the country.

Then it was that the poor native Britons, many of them, had to flee for their lives. Some emigrated to the north of France, and settled there, and gave their name to the place, Brittany, which it retains to this day. Others went to Wales and lived; and there they preserved the Christian religion: for the Saxons were nothing but idolaters, worshipping heathen gods and goddesses; and they banished the Christianity that had been taught, setting up their own Pagan religion.

All this, however, was not without strong resist-

ance on the part of the Britons ; and the two races had some fierce and terrible battles. It was during these times that King Arthur appeared, perhaps with his famous and excellent sword Caliburn, and performed many brave and valorous deeds. This is true history, I suppose ; but the magical tales of King Arthur, and his thirteen knights of the Round Table, are only like the wonderful stories told of Charlemagne and his twelve peers. Every one can read these elsewhere ; and so we have no intention of relating them here, and will go on with our story.

With all that heroes, strong men, and brave knights could do, however, the Saxons succeeded in remaining. And how long do you suppose they kept possession of the land ? Forever : that is, they mingled with the few ancient Britons that were left, and became the great body of the people, — the Anglo-Saxon race, as was mentioned in the last chapter.

Other invaders afterwards came, however, from time to time, and endeavored to overcome them ; but they never well succeeded : for the Anglo-Sax-

ons, our real forefathers, became strong, and as sturdy as possible, and improved much in the course of time, after they came to Britain. They had divided the country into seven kingdoms, — these were called the Saxon Heptarchy, — and they reigned and ruled for six hundred years. It was after the Saxons took possession that the country came to be called England, from one of the tribes who came with the Saxons, — the Angles ; and it is also from both of these that we get the name Anglo-Saxon. It was during this early period, too, that some of the native people were carried to Rome, and were taken to the public market-place there, to be sold as slaves. They were standing in a group, when the pope happened to pass by. He was struck with their appearance, as they had blue eyes and fair hair, and white and rosy complexions ; and, when he was told that they were Angles (from the name of their country), he thought they must be veritable *angels*, because they were so beautiful. He was pained to find that they were Pagans, without any true knowledge of God ; and he sent mis-

sionaries to England to teach the Saxons Christianity.*

The pope then desired to bring all England and Wales under his dominion : but those who were already Christians, and had fled to the latter place, the Britons (as Christianity had been preached among them two or three hundred years before the Saxons came), would not yield to this ; and it was only after much resistance that the whole English Church came under the direction of the Church of Rome. Then it continued so to be until the Reformation took place ; when it withdrew itself again.

One of the Saxon kings was the good Alfred, — he who baked the cakes for the wife of the herdsman, as all have heard about.

Alfred was a child, only four years old, when he was sent by his father to Rome to be made king by the pope ; but he did not reign until he was grown to be a man. He went to Rome again while he

* This was Pope Gregory I. ; and St. Augustine was the first missionary, — about the year 596.

was still a boy; and it is thought that the handsome buildings and other fine and beautiful things which he saw there may have been remembered, and incited him to do what he could for his country when he had the power. At any rate, he was a fine and noble ruler; and he established the first public schools there were in Great Britain. Every freeman who owned two acres of land was obliged by law to send his children. Before that time, the people knew not at all how to read or write. Alfred himself had not learned until he was twelve years old; and I suppose he had scarcely known, until then, that there was such a thing as reading and writing. But from that moment he improved all his time, and became quite learned. When he wished to learn Greek and Latin, however, he could not find a single person in all his kingdom who could teach him.

But Alfred had, at times, to give up his studies, and attend to his realm; as it was beset and annoyed, during his reign, by the Danes, who came across the sea in ships, and pillaged, and actually

seemed at times about to conquer the whole country. Then it was that Alfred had to flee in disguise to save himself, and to find shelter in the farmer's hut, where the woman wished him to tend her cakes while she stepped out. Poor Alfred was thinking so much of his lost country, and how to recover it, that he forgot all about the cakes, and let them burn on the hearth. The good woman was very much vexed, and scolded him greatly (not knowing who he was all the time): but he most good-naturedly and courteously promised, that, if she would leave some others for him to tend, he would take better care of them; and he did so, quite to her satisfaction.

Now it was, too, that he went into the camp of the Danes disguised as a harper, and discovered all their plans: so he was able to get the advantage of them, and defeat them in battle; and thus saved England from being a prey to *this* barbarian tribe. Where might we all have been now, had he not succeeded? To be sure, England was governed afterwards by some Danish kings; but the Danes had

become then more civilized and educated than they were.

Soon after Alfred, all the kingdoms of the Hephtharchy were united into one, with but one monarch. Alfred's grandson, Athelstan, was the first who reigned over all England.

One hundred and sixty-five years after King Alfred's death,* another people invaded, and ac-

* Alfred died in the year 901, and the Norman conquest took place in 1066. The Normans were originally the same people as the Danes, who had invaded England. It is said of them, —

“They began their piratical excursions in the first part of the ninth century, and soon covered the sea with their boats, and ravaged the coasts of England, Germany, Friesland, Flanders, and France. Under the feeble reigns of Charles the Bald and Charles the Fat, they ascended the rivers to the very heart of France, and plundered Paris itself. It became necessary to purchase their retreat with gold. Their incursions into France were afterwards renewed; and Charles the Simple was obliged to cede to them (912) a part of Neustria, which was afterwards called, from them, Normandy; and to give his daughter in marriage to Rollo, their chief. Rollo embraced the Christian religion, was baptized under the name of Robert, and became the first Duke of Normandy, and a vassal of the King of France. His followers received the religion of their leader, and abandoned their roving and piratical habits.

“England was, for about two centuries, desolated by the Danes, as they were there called.”

tually conquered England, and ruled and reigned for a long period. These were the Normans. They came from Normandy, in France; and so brought the French language with them, and tried to make the people give up their Anglo-Saxon. But this they would not or could not do, since they had used it so long, — about six hundred years; yet a great deal of the Norman-French then became mingled with it, and made it the English language which we have at the present day.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CRUSADES AND KING RICHARD.

AFTER the Normans, England was not troubled by any other invaders ; and we will now leave that ancient history, and pass over nearly another hundred and fifty years, to the time of the crusades, and Richard Cœur de Lion, who is the only hero further whose story we can here relate.

The crusades were pilgrimages from all parts of Europe to the Holy Land, or to Jerusalem, for the purpose of warring against the Turks, who were Mahometans, and who had possession of the Holy Sepulchre, — the place where our Saviour was laid. Christians did not think it proper for the Mahometans to be holding this, as they scarcely believed in the Saviour at all ; and, besides, they had treated

very cruelly and ignominiously the Christian pilgrims who had gone there to behold the place. So all the Christian nations of Europe — all Christendom — were roused to arms to try to obtain the sepulchre, and to rescue it from the hands of the unbelieving, or rather misbelieving Turks; as the Mahometans did believe somewhat in Jesus our Saviour, but only as a prophet, and as not equal to their prophet Mahomet.

There were several crusades, and they occupied a period of about two hundred years. Sometimes the city of Jerusalem was won by the crusaders, and then again it was lost to them. Altogether, there were about two millions of men who went from Europe to the East; and probably most of them died, or became lost or scattered, during the struggle. When these great armies left their homes, they had the emblem of the cross on their banners, and the men wore the badge of the cross on their dress. The emblem of the Moslems, as the Turks and Mahometans were called, was the crescent, or half-moon.

Princes and kings, nobles and knights, all took part in these holy wars ; and peasants, and people of all descriptions, left their homes to join in the numerous armies. There were great hardships, and some terrible disasters occurred ; and the crusaders scarcely accomplished the object for which they went, — at least, not for any length of time ; as at this very day the Holy Sepulchre still is, and and for nearly six hundred years has been, in the hands of the Mahometans. Nevertheless, the crusades did great good, as they opened the different parts of the world to each other, and made them acquainted ; and this introduced trade and commerce. Among the chivalrous and renowned knights and princes who took part in the crusades, one of the most so was Richard I. of England, — *Cœur de Lion*, the *Lion-hearted*. Indeed, he was called the Champion of Christendom, being full of zeal, ardor, and activity for the Holy Cause ; and his career in pursuing this was full of romance, valor, and prowess. Yet we can sketch it but slightly as we go along.

Richard could not have had a happy youth, I think, as he engaged in a rebellion against his own father. This king (Henry II.), kind and noble-hearted towards his sons, had the sorrow and affliction of having them conspire against him ; but the eldest, Prince Henry, as he was about to die, repented in dust and ashes, and entreated his father's forgiveness. (It is said, that, in order to express his sorrow and humiliation, he requested to be laid on a bed of ashes ; and there actually he died.) This example did not deter Richard, however, from again joining in another conspiracy with his youngest brother, John (these were the only two now left ; the third brother, Geoffry, having also died). When the king, their indulgent father, knew of this, and that his youngest and most-loved son was in arms against him, he was overwhelmed with grief, and truly died of a broken heart. Then it was Richard's turn to be filled with sorrow and remorse ; and, when he saw the pale face of his father lying still before him, he was overwhelmed with pain and agony for his undutiful behavior. From

that time, he seemed to turn to better things, although he was often passionate and headstrong to the end of his life ; but with these were mingled many generous, even magnanimous, qualities ; and he was among the bravest of the brave. He soon gave all his time and attention for preparing a crusade to the Holy Land. He collected all the money and the means that he could. He, together with the King of France, raised an army of a hundred thousand men. It was already late in the season, and they stopped in the Island of Sicily to winter. There, too, the princess arrived to whom Richard was attached : but, it being Lent, they could not, according to their customs, be married ; and he did not wait, but set off for Palestine. The Princess Berengaria sailed also with another princess, the Queen of Sicily, who was Richard's sister, in a separate vessel ; and a storm coming up on the passage, and the King of Cyprus, whose island they were passing, not allowing the vessel to come into his harbors, King Richard immediately laid siege to the island, and took possession of it. Then Richard

and the princess were married there, and proceeded on the way to the Holy Land. When they arrived at Acre, a port on the coast of Palestine, they found the Christian army, which was already there, still besieging the city, as it had been doing for two long years. The troops were delighted to see the newcomers, knowing Richard's great valor : so, he joining with them, they were soon enabled to capture the city.

Richard was more than a year in the Holy Land ; but his army came only in sight of Jerusalem : for the French princes and others did not conduct well in their counsels ; and the army, to Richard's great disappointment, was forced to turn back to another place.

After a while, bad news from home made it necessary for him to return. The two queens, his wife and sister, had already sailed ; and he set out in another vessel. But terrible storms arose on the voyage, and at last his vessel was shipwrecked. Then he was obliged to make the rest of his way by land : so he disguised himself as a pilgrim to travel

through Germany and Austria ; but he was discovered, and put in prison by the command of the Emperor of Austria, who had a great enmity towards him. There, for fifteen long months, he lay in prison, and his own people and subjects knew not where he was. Now, Richard had a warm-hearted friend, a minstrel, with whom he had often composed songs, and sung them ; for Richard was a poet too, and wrote some of the troubadour songs which were famous in those days. This minstrel, or troubadour, his friend, whose name was Blondel, determined, if possible, to find out where his master, King Richard, was imprisoned. So he began to go the rounds of the great castles and prisons scattered over the country, and would stand outside the walls, and sing or play some familiar tune, hoping, if Richard were within, to attract his attention. It happened at one of these places, as he sang one verse of a song, a voice from within took it up, and sang a second verse. Blondel recognized the voice, and his heart beat with joy that the long-lost king had been found ; for it was Richard indeed, who

had also recognized the voice of his faithful friend outside ! The king was at length ransomed by his English subjects for a very large sum of money. When the Germans who accompanied him home saw the great rejoicings of the people, which were shown, too, by a great display of wealth, they said, "If their master, the emperor, had known of the great wealth of England, he would have asked a much larger sum for the king's ransom ! "

Richard lived but a few years after this, and died by a shot from an arrow, in the prime of his life (being but forty-one years of age), in the very last year of the century, 1199, having been king but ten years.

CHAPTER XIX.

“THE FAIRY QUEEN.”

ABOUT three hundred and fifty years ago, when Elizabeth was queen in our mother-land, there was a long poem written, called “The Fairy Queen,” which was thought to be very beautiful and splendid in those days. There were several different stories in the poem ; but, not being well adapted to the present times, I suppose they are seldom, if ever, read, excepting one, which is interesting, and we often hear of it still ; and almost every one knows something about it. This is the story of St. George and the Dragon, and the lovely Lady Una. Before we come back to our own fairies, we will relate a little of this story from “The Fairy Queen,” as pictures of it are frequently seen, or little sculptures in

marble,—as the pretty one of “Una and the Lion.”

The Lady Una was the daughter of a king and queen who lived in a great castle of brass, which was surrounded, also, by a high brazen wall. There they had been shut up for some years, not able to go out, as before the wall of the castle lay an enormous serpent or dragon, which no one could pass by, it was so gigantic and fierce. It must have been, I think, like the terrible serpent Python, which had been a terror to all the country around, and which was shot by the arrow of Apollo.

The gentle Una was distressed that her parents were so besieged by the cruel and enormous serpent; and she went to the Queen of Fairyland to beseech her that she would send some knight to conquer the dragon, and release her parents. It happened, that, just before Una came into the presence of the queen, a rough, rustic-looking man had entered, and requested that she would not refuse him the first adventure that should occur. So, when the Lady Una made her request, he immediately came

forward, and begged that this opportunity might be given to him. The queen and Una looked rather astonished at him, as if he were very bold and presumptuous to demand such an exploit as this would be, which would require the greatest valor, courage, and bravery in the world. But he insisted upon it; and Una at length said, that, unless the armor which she brought would exactly suit him, he was not the right one. They tried on the armor, and, behold! it fitted him precisely in every respect, and, moreover, seemed to transform him into the most noble and most splendid knight there was in all those parts, so that even the Lady Una could not help admiring and being pleased. So now he was made her knight, to accompany her to the castle of her parents, and seek to subdue the great enemy that besieged it. He bore the title of the "Red-cross Knight." The description, in the poem, of their setting out on their expedition, gives such an interesting picture of what a *true* knight-errant of those times might be, and not a pretended one

like Don Quixote, that we will copy it, and just as it was written in the old English : —

“ A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruel marks of many a bloody felde ;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield :
His angry steede did chide his foaming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield.
Full jolly knight he seemed, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts, and fierce encounters fitt.

And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead — as ever living — him adored :
Upon his shield the like was also scored, —
For soveraine hope ; which in his help he had.
Right faithful, true, he was in deed and word,
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad ;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad (glad).

A lovely ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly ass more white than snow ;
Yet she much whiter, — but the same did hide

Under a vele, that wimpled was full low ;
 And over all a black stole shee did throw,
 As one that inly mourned, so was she sad ;
 And heavy sate upon her palfrey slow ;
 Seemed in heart some hidden care she had ;
 And by her, in a line, a milke-white lambe she lad.

So pure and innocent as that same lambe
 She was in life and every vertuous lore ;
 And by descent from royall lynage came
 Of ancient kings and queenes, that had of yore
 Their sceptres stretcht from east to westerne shore.

.
 Behind her, farre away, a dwarf did lag,
 That lasie seemed, in being ever last,
 Or wearied with bearing of her bag
 Of needments at his backe."

As they thus went journeying on, the sky began to be overcast with clouds, and they saw that there was a tempest arising; and they had time only to look around them for shelter. They found an inviting grove, filled with stately trees and the charming songs of birds. They entered it, and were full of delight with its pleasant scenes, until the storm

passed by. Then they sought to go out of the wood ; but there were so many paths and turnings here and there, that they could not tell which was the right one, and became quite confused. They concluded at length to take that which seemed the most trodden ; but this, too, led them round and round, until, finally, they came to a deep cave. St. George thought he would go into the cave, and see what was there : so he alighted from his steed, and gave his spear to the dwarf to hold. But the lady begged him to beware, and not enter : it was easier, she said, to stop on the threshold, and turn back, than it would be to retreat after venturing in. The dwarf, also, called out that he ought not to go. But the knight, when he had once commenced, was too proud to turn back ; and he soon saw within the cave a creature more like a terrific serpent than any thing else, which sprang, and coiled around him, and almost strangled him in its folds. But he succeeded in rescuing his arms ; and, struggling, he drew himself away, and fought against it, and finally succeeded in destroying the fearful creature. Then

he returned, joining Una and the dwarf; and, mounting his courser, they succeeded in getting out of the wood, and went on their way again. There they met an old man, who offered to guide them to a place of shelter for the night. They gladly accepted his offer. But this old man proved to be a magician, and he put upon the knight and the lady all kinds of wicked enchantments and delusions; so that, in the morning, St. George, when he awoke, saw, or thought he saw, another strange lady instead of the lovely and gentle Una; or that *she* had become so changed, that he was grieved and displeased, and rode away, determined never to see her more. All this was owing to the deceit which the magician had played upon him; and when the Lady Una arose, and could find nothing of the Red-cross Knight, she was much distressed, and knew not what she should do. The dwarf, too, had gone with his master: so she mounted on her ass, and pursued her way alone, endeavoring to find her lord. Many days she rode, but saw and heard nothing of the knight. One day, weary and sad, she alighted

from her little animal ; and, far in the shade of the thickets, she lay down on the grass to rest. She had taken off her black stole, and the band that bound her hair, and

“ Her angel face

As the great eye of heaven shined bright,

And made a sunshine in the shady place :

Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.”

There, as she lay, looking so beautiful and innocent, suddenly a hungry lion came bounding out of the wood ; and, seeing this fairy — or human creature — right before him, he sprang, as if to devour her in a moment : but, as he came nearer, the very lion seemed surprised at the sight, and stopped short. Una, unable to get away, had made up her mind that she must die ; but, to her surprise, the lion crept up, and began to lick her hands and feet.

Then tears came to her eyes when she thought that this wild beast, gentle and compassionate, was her protector ; and her own lion, the noble lord

whom she loved, had gone far away, deserting and leaving her to her fate.

The lion, seeing her weeping, stood by, and was still more compassionate and mournful too; and, when she mounted upon her meek white ass to go on her way, he followed close by her side, and never left her night nor day. When she lay down to sleep, he stood like a sentinel on duty; and, when she awoke, he waited on her as wistfully and watchfully as a faithful dog.

Thus she went on over long, weary deserts, finding no trace of her lost knight, and meeting with no human creature; till at last, at the foot of a mountain, she came to a pathway, which seemed to lead to some habitation; and soon she espied a woman with a pitcher of water on her head. The lady accosted her, as she drew near, to ask if there was any dwelling at hand. But the rude girl scarcely answered her; and when she turned round, and saw the lion, she was so frightened, that she threw down the pitcher, and ran away as fast as she could. She never stopped to look behind, but went on with all

her speed till she came to the cottage, where she had a blind old mother. In her terror and affright she could say nothing, but immediately shut and fastened the door.

When Una arrived at the cottage, she went straight up, and knocked at the door; but, as no one opened it, the lion himself put up his paws and lifted the latch, and let her go in. There she found the terror-stricken mother and daughter hidden away in a corner; but Una gently asked if she might have a night's lodging in the place. They were too much frightened to do any thing but let her stay; and she laid down to rest, the faithful beast watching at her feet.

In the morning, as soon as it was light, she arose, and set out on her way; her servant lion, as usual, following by her side. After a while, as they were going along, she descried in the distance a knight approaching, whom, as he came near, she believed to be the lost knight that she had been long pursuing. She rode joyfully on; and, as they met, it seemed, indeed, to be her own true Knight of the

Red Cross ; and he began to excuse and explain his long disappearance. But this was only a disguise of the same wicked enchanter who had deceived her before. For as they rode along, conversing, another knight approached, who also mistook the one with the red cross, and thought that he was his enemy ; and he challenged, and rushed up to him ; and, in the duel, the magician fell, wounded and dying. Then Una discovered who he was, and the strange knight, too, found out his mistake ; and he attempted to pull the lady from her snow-white ass, to see who she also was : but her faithful servant the lion, seeing his rude manners, sprang upon him, and seemed about to tear him limb from limb. But the knight was strong ; and he threw his spear with such force, that it pierced the poor savage but tender-hearted animal in the breast ; and he, too, lay on the ground, moaning and dying. Then Una sobbed aloud. What should she do now, with her dumb but faithful protector gone ? Alas ! the strange knight placed her upon his own horse, and carried her away, she knew not whither.

All this time, the deceived and mistaken Red-cross Knight had pursued his way after he left the Lady Una, and met with many strange and unhappy adventures.

He soon fell in with another lady, who demanded his protection : and, though grieving that the gentle Una was lost to him, he thought he would be as faithful as he could to this one ; and they travelled on a long time together. But she proved to be really a deceiver ; for she led him to a great and splendid palace all glittering in gold, with lords and ladies dressed in the finest and most showy attire, who seemed to be employed in nothing but attending to their own pleasure and amusement. Here the Knight of the Red Cross was entertained for some time ; but, when he was absent one day, the dwarf, whom he had kept with him all the while, discovered, as he was going about the palace, a dungeon, where innumerable people were bound and held captive. As soon as his master returned, he informed him of this : and, for fear that the knight might be made a prisoner also, they concluded to

go away immediately ; and they made their way out through a little postern-door, where no one should see them. They went on some distance ; and, before long, the lady whom he had left behind, though he did not know that she was so false, came to find him : and as they sat by the wayside, talking, they saw approaching an enormous man, more like a giant than aught else ; indeed, he was a giant. The poor knight was weak and weary : he had drunk of the water of a fountain, which had taken away all his strength ; and, besides, he had taken off his armor, and laid it on the grass with his silver shield ; so that he had neither strength nor protection against the giant, and, after vainly struggling in the combat with him, was thrown fainting on the ground. There he might have died ; but the false lady, although she had betrayed him to the giant, begged that his life might be spared. Then these two went away together ; and the giant took the fainting knight also with him, and put him in a prison in his own great castle.

We must now return to the Lady Una. When

she was carried away on the horse of the strange knight, and they had come to a great forest, she was so unhappy, and so much distressed, and rent the air with such piercing cries, that all the beings of the wood, the fauns and the satyrs, — those curious creatures with the horns and feet of a goat, — and the nymphs and naiads of the grove, came out from their hiding-places, and danced about. The strange knight was alarmed in seeing all these appear; and he immediately took to flight, leaving the gentle Una all alone with these singular beings. She was a little startled at first; but they were so much surprised and attracted by her beauty and her sweet looks, that they began to play and fawn around her, and actually made her their queen. She saw that she need not fear them; and she thought day after day, as she staid with them, she would try to teach them something true and good: and when she told them that they must not worship *her*, a poor human being, they turned to worship her milk-white ass; for the faithful animal, when deprived of his mistress, did not forsake her, but followed on with her

to the wood. So poor Una became quite calm and composed with these harmless, simple creatures ; but still she was miserable and sad, thinking of her long-lost knight, and not knowing whether he were living or dead.

By and by, a valiant knight happened to pass through the wood ; and, seeing the sweet and gentle Una, he kindly listened to her woes and sorrows, and said that he would carry her away from there, and help her, if he could, to find her lost protector. So they took an opportunity when all was quiet (the fauns and satyrs being away, or were asleep, perhaps), and went out of the forest. They were travelling along, when they met an old man. They asked him if he had ever seen or had ever heard, anywhere, of the Red-cross Knight. The man said yes ; that he had lately seen him in a contest with the giant, and he thought he was killed. Poor Una could not believe that any thing so dreadful had happened. But pretty soon they saw coming on the way the dwarf, leading his master's horse, with his armor and his silver shield. Then she

it must be too true. As the dwarf espied her, he recognized his long-absent mistress ; and he ran up to her, and related all the story of their misadventures since they had parted from the gentle lady, and how St. George had been carried off at last by the giant.

Then Una said, alive or dead, she must find him ; and she bade the dwarf lead her to the place where he was carried. Fortunately, there was riding along the road a goodly knight, all covered with armor from head to foot, and his breast shone with precious stones. He had on a gorgeous helmet ; and his shield was of sparkling diamonds, which no sword or spear could pierce. By his side rode a noble squire, who wore on his belt a bugle horn, which was held by a chain of twisted gold and with long gay tassels.

When the knight saw the lady, he rode up to her ; and he approached her so kindly, that she told him all her troubles, and that she was now trying to find the castle where her lord was imprisoned. Upon that he went along with her, and said that he would

not forsake her until she had accomplished all her wishes. At last they came in sight of a strong, high-built castle; and the dwarf said that that was the place where his master was imprisoned. So the knight and the squire went straight forth towards the castle; but they told the lady to wait where she was, and see what would become of them. As they drew near, the squire took his horn, and blew such a blast,—long, loud, and shrill,—that it startled the whole country around. The very castle seemed to shake, and every door flew wide open! Then the giant, in alarm, came rushing forth to see what was the matter. When the knight beheld him, he immediately challenged him to combat; and they had a terrible struggle: for the giant was so powerful, that with one blow, although he could not pierce the splendid shield, he bore the bearer of it to the ground. But the diamond shield had been covered; and, in the fall, the covering fell off, and discovered such a blaze of light, that the giant was dazzled and tamed as if by magic. He knew that he had no power to fight against such a shield as

that ; and, when the knight uprose again, the giant's efforts were all in vain. At length he sank down exhausted, and swooned away ; and the knight and his squire then entered the castle. They found an old man with a bunch of keys. They took them, and went round from room to room ; but nowhere could they find the Red-cross Knight. At the end, they came to an iron door that was fast locked ; but there was no key that would open it. After trying a long time, they discovered an open grating. Then the knight, through this, called aloud to know if any one was within. Great was his delight to hear a voice answer back, though it sounded very woful and sad. Then the strong knight took hold of the iron door, and shook and rent it until it came down. Within, all was dark and deep ; but he succeeded in passing along until he got to the poor wounded knight, and drew him out of this direful place. Three moons had he there been confined ; and he had wasted and pined away, and no more looked like his former self. When the gentle Una beheld him, she ran to him with joy in her heart, but burst

into a flood of tears on seeing how changed he was.

After a while, the good knight left them; and then St. George wished to pursue his way with Una, to fight against the dragon. But Una perceived that it would be impossible for him to make stand against so dreadful an enemy in the weak state in which he was. He was filled, too, with bitter pain and remorse for his bad deeds (though it is true he did not mean them to be bad at the time; but he could hardly forgive himself); and he was almost like to fall into despair, so that he even wished to die.

Then Una endeavored that they should stop at a noble house, where all within was peace and quiet, and beautiful love and charity: for we must know that the castle he first went to — so splendid and showy, that had the great prison in it, and from which he escaped — was the castle of Pride; and the lady with whom he travelled so long was Falsehood; and the wood and cave that he had entered into when he first set out with Una on his journey were

the entangled wood and dark cave of Error ; and the armor which he had at first put on, which had transformed him into such a noble knight, was the Christian armor of Truth, Faith, and Virtue ; and the great misfortune which befell him at last, when the giant overcame him and thrust him into prison, was from having taken off his armor, and laid it on the ground.

Thus Una led him first to the beautiful place that she knew, where he would regain his strength and nobleness, and be the fit champion to destroy the dragon that surrounded her father's dwelling. Here he was so content, and all was so lovely and peaceful, that he would fain have staid — and even left the sweet Una — to become a pilgrim ; but the good man with whom he spoke told him that he must yet be mindful of the duty he had to perform, and must not neglect the commands which had been laid upon him to fulfil. So, after a while, being quite renewed, and his strength and courage coming to him again, the Red-cross Knight, with the lovely Una, set out to accomplish the great deed that

was before him. They soon arrived in sight of the brazen castle, that towered up before them; and in the distance Una descried her waiting parents, and a watchman standing on the wall to see if good tidings were approaching. The terrible monster, the dragon, lay like a great hill before the town, it was so vast. St. George made the lady go to a distant rising ground, and then he himself drew near. When the animal saw him approach, he began to raise himself up, half moving and half flying. It is a wonder that the knight had courage to go forward; and still more so when the dragon's long tail struck terribly against the horse and his rider, and threw them both to the ground. But they sprang up quickly, and then the knight tried to throw his pointed spear into the hard scales of his fearful enemy; but he could make no impression. The monster even caught in his folds the horse and the horseman, and raised them far up above the ground; but even *he*, strong as he was, was forced to let them down, wearied by the weight. Thus the contest went on. Nothing seemed to be

gained. Night was approaching, and Una from her distant hill saw the Red-cross Knight suddenly disappear from sight. Then she was in great anguish, lest the fall might be fatal ; and all night she could but pray to God, not knowing what had befallen him. But he had fallen into a well, and lay there until morning, when he found himself so refreshed, — it being “living” water, full of virtue and power, — that he was like a new man ; and now he renewed the contest with greater courage and hope than before. Still all that day the sore conflict held, and night came on again. Then Una saw him fall a second time, for he was weak and exhausted with the strife ; and again she began to pray, fearing he might be killed. But in the morning he rose up stronger and more invigorated than ever ; for he had chanced to fall upon a little stream of balm that was trickling from a tree of the richest and most goodly fruit. This was the Tree of Life ; and this balm was so sweet to his senses, that he lay as if in a dream of happy delight. When the morning came, he again issued forth ;

and this time, almost at the first stroke of his weapon, the serpent seemed crushed, and ready to expire. Then Una came forward, almost dreading lest the cruel monster should revive again; but little by little he sank away, until life was really extinct.

Then, need we say, joyfully they entered beyond the brazen wall of the castle, and the father and mother came out to meet them; and a great festival was made; and the sequel of it all was, that the Red-cross Knight and the gentle Una were united heart and hand in reward for her patience and his valor.

CHAPTER XX.

THE FLOWER-FAIRIES.

WE think Glassée must have become again as tired telling her long stories as she was before ; and now, as our two young friends, Nannine and Giannina, instead of imaginary travels, were about to travel in reality, as will be seen in the remaining chapters of this little work, we will stop but a few moments more with our own "Garden Fairies," and then turn to those other recitals.

We have seen, heretofore, only what the queen did among her fairy band : we will now see how the king of the fairies ruled among his troop of elfin subjects. He seems to have had a much more difficult task than the queen, according to the following account, which is called —

THE COURT OF THE FAIRIES.*

There was a time when a fairy king held his court. Elves and fays were assembled from far and near. Some met from interest, and the love of duty; others from curiosity, and to criticise the doings of the court. There were various opinions; for, even in Fairyland, minds will differ. Some differed in principle, others in education, and others differed owing to circumstances beyond their control. Notwithstanding these various elements, the king held his court; although one would have thought, at times, that these very elements were ready to dissolve, and to leave both king and court to utter annihilation.

This fairy court was held under a shady, flowery arbor. At times, the lowering atmosphere threatened an approaching storm; and, finally, the rain

* The moral of this little story — the production of a friend — might be deemed by our older readers as a leaf from the history of *the times*; but it must not be so construed in any *partial* manner, as it is designed simply as a *general* expression for peace and harmony.

descended. The king betook himself for shelter to the cup of a blooming tulip. The assembly were seen to flee in all directions: some took refuge under the awning of a neighboring vine; others clung to the under-surface of a leaf, fearing to face the wind, lest the resistless storm should disarrange their fairy toilet; others boldly withstood the blast, but, being wrestled with by the contending elements, slid upon the slippery foundation of a petiole, yet quickly recovered their attitude, and maintained their position.

Slowly and surely the storm died away. The king, who was amply protected within the corolla of the tulip, left its crimson drapery at the announcement of fair weather. Again the fays assembled around his tribunal. Not many had been dispersed by the storm; yet there were those, who, fearing longer to trust themselves to the uncertain elements, withdrew from the fairy circle.

Such was the disorder into which the arbor had been thrown by the wind, that it required no little time to re-adjust it. Broken petals were to be removed;

and rubbish, scattered about by the breeze. On one side might be seen the mid-rib of a huge leaf that had fallen from its support, and which was, to the eye of a fairy, as if one half his heavens had been shut from view. To remove this encumbrance, it required not merely the *strength* of fays, but their *magic* also. Finally every obstacle was removed, and their sylvan arbor again received the fairy band beneath its shade.

Since they last met, the king had refreshed himself by solitude. During the storm he had remained tranquil, and had reflected upon the best methods of bringing calm and prosperity to his little realm; how to allay the irritations of his subjects, and to resolve their doubts. He brought to his court a vigor to comprehend, and a determination to meet every want. Of the elves and the fays, some met again as formerly, in the pursuit of duty; others brought with them indecisions, jealousies, and disturbances, such as had characterized them before the dispersion. Could you have heard the whisperings of resentment, you might have fancied

yourself among mortal beings of earth, instead of with the favored guests of Fairyland.

The king, knowing how impossible it would be to enact wisdom while the minds of his subjects were thus excited, resolved to persuade them to take higher aims, more consistent with their fairy privileges and immortal natures.

“Can you,” said the king, “*you* who breathe an air but of purity,—can you desecrate yourselves by dissensions like to earthlings? I rule among immortals; and my kingdom is founded on beauty, order, harmony, and love. Consider the tendency of your proceedings; consider the happiness lost by your refusing to coincide with fairy justice. Fairyland, unlike to earthdom, is all aspiration, yet beautiful contentment. Could I, by any foresight, anticipate what would be for your highest good, I would say, Relinquish that which seems to be for the present moment alone auspicious, and resign yourselves to that which will bring good for the future. Great results are slow in their achievement. Abrupt revolutions are uncongenial to Nature and Providence.

God and Nature move the world by slow degrees. The removal from the evil to the good is so gradual, that even the elfin race know not by their first experience when they have attained to fairy and immortal privileges.

“Let us be doing for the best good of all, and we shall find that all is harmony, as it ought to be, in our fairy circle; and none shall call us to account for bringing unnecessary trouble into our fairy realm.”

As the king spoke, a delightful peace seemed to be diffusing itself through the court; but, as at the same time a flood of sunlight burst forth in all its splendor, one could not say whether it was the *peace* that brought the sun, or the *sun* the peace. However, the whole court seemed transformed, as if by magic, into order and harmony: then one might have looked in vain for the apple of discord in their midst. Now might you have seen every flower standing up erect, with its own proper sprite within it, instead of being drooped, and bowed to the ground. There was the stately crown-imperial,

with its little elf of rightful aims ; and the larkspur, ready, with its sharp prick, for useful activity ; and the dragon's-tooth, divested of its fang ; and the columbine and blue-bell, aspiring, each on their own *native* stem ; and the marigold and hollyhock, not vying with one another, but showing to advantage their rich gold, and crimson tints. The blush-rose was more fragrant than ever ; and the lesser flowers — the sweet mignonette, the modest violet and lily — breathed more freely forth their natural odors and perfume.

CHAPTER XXI.

SCENES IN PARIS.

WHEN Nannine and Gianina, after a time, with their family, left their dear home in Italy — and the villa and garden, with their fairy inhabitants — to go across the broad ocean to make a long visit to their friends in America, they stopped a while in Paris; and there they were taken up with quite different scenes in that gay and busy world. “What a beautiful city!” we could not all but exclaim; and one almost of fairy enchantment, as we entered it in the evening; its thousands of lights, many of them in pretty and fanciful forms, making a most brilliant illumination. But it was all real in the morning when we

arose, and we could only busy ourselves with its bright and lively occupations.

The gardens of the Tuileries, near by the hotel where we were, are charming, very spacious ; and the ground is all bare of grass, and smooth, but covered with elegant trees, which give a delightful, cool shade, where one can stay all the day long if one chooses. Ladies may sit there in chairs — which you can have for a penny — with their work ; and gentlemen may stroll up and down with a book in their hand, and children play. How sweetly the little French boys and girls looked in their neat, pretty dresses, playing ball, cup and ball, rolling hoop, and jumping rope ! and all so harmless and happy, without any boisterousness or any thing to censure.

On a holiday afternoon, too, how gay ! the whole place literally swarming with the multitudes ; and then the children, in their gala dresses and ribbons, look like so many bright-colored butterflies dancing about hither and thither.

A little farther on are the “Champs Élysées ;” a

scene of enchantment truly to children, and to grown people as well. There are groups and groves of trees with all sorts of little arbor-like places, and every kind of entertainment : there are flies going round with little coaches and horses attached ; and ships moving up and down, large enough to contain several persons ; and beautiful little carriages, each drawn by four handsome goats, — a little boy or girl can sit on the coachman's seat, and hold the whip in their hand. On our former visit in Paris, when Gianina was about three years old, she thought it was the most beautiful thing in the world to drive in one of those little coaches. But Nannine was too timid or shy : she could never be persuaded to be drawn about in that manner. Perhaps she was too dignified, being a little taller than her sister, and *quite* four and a half years old !

There are the talking dolls too, Punch and Judy,* making everybody merry about them : only

* Large wooden figures, which are placed in a stall, and are made to act a little comedy.

their little cousin Lu-lu,* who was with the children on that other visit, and who was then but four years old, was not "merry." She did "not like to hear dolls talk," she said, and turned away, seeming quite frightened.

The noble Jardin des Plantes, where there are innumerable flowers, and where wild animals, too, are kept, is another beautiful and interesting place. You can walk among the flowers through the long alleys and avenues, or look at the hundreds of animals. The ferocious ones, as lions and tigers, are in cages; but others, as goats, antelopes, and deer, have green, spacious lawns, or enclosures, allotted to them in the open air; and there are picturesque little rustic arbors, or huts, for shelter, built for them in these beautiful grassy fields.

The huge bears, white and brown, live down in a deep excavation in the ground, into which you look over a railing placed around the top. The fat, lazy creatures sit upon their hind-legs, looking up,

* See "Child-life in Italy."

and hold out their fore-paws to catch the bits of food which you throw down to them,—bread or ginger-bread.

We saw also a tall camelopard, with a pretty young one by its side only a few days old ; and a young elephant by the side of its mother ; and even a young hippopotamus ; with the many other small animals, and elegant and brilliantly colored birds of every description. It is a splendid zoölogical garden, as well as a garden of plants ; and almost every kind of a creature can there be seen ; monkeys too, innumerable, with their droll and comical ways.

Children, of course, are always fond of young animals ; and, six years before, when we were travelling from France towards Italy, we stopped one night at a farmhouse by the way. We entered the great hall, or sort of kitchen, which had a stone floor, and a great fire was blazing on the hearth. It was one of those immense old-fashioned fire-places that we read of, that are almost large enough for a little room ; and a boy was sittin

it, in the corner, right inside of the jamb! We were waiting for our supper in this great hall,—for it was sitting-room, dining-room, and all,—and a pretty little rabbit was running about the floor. It was purely white; and Nannine, delighted with it, caught it, and held it in her little frock, and took great pleasure in petting it. By and by, a woman came hunting about for the rabbit, and at last found that Nannine had it in her lap. She let it go when the woman came to search for it: but she was so distressed to think that it should be taken and killed for our supper, as the landlady intended, that her mamma begged it off; and the good woman told her she might keep it to play with. .

We could not take it away with us, however; and the children bade it adieu when they retired for the night. Nannine was very glad that she had been able to save its little life by making it her pet. That old farm-house! how steep the stairs were! We could hardly climb up them when we went to bed, the steps were so narrow. They were made

of stone ; and great hollows were so worn in them from age, that there was scarcely a level place to put one's foot upon.

At another place where we stopped all night, — but this was an elegant hotel, — the butter on the table where the children had their breakfast was moulded in the form of a beautiful little lamb. The little ones were all highly pleased in gazing at it, especially Gianina ; and, when the maid was going to cut the butter to spread on their bread, poor Gianina burst into a loud cry, and would not be pacified until the pretty little lamb was removed, and a plain piece of butter put in its stead that might be eaten !

That was six years ago : now, of course, they were so much grown, they must be “ wiser,” if not more tender-hearted and “ better.”

Paris too, we thought, had grown in all that time. There were new streets, and new shops, set out in the windows with rich and fascinating things to attract the bewildered gaze, but so elegant and sparkling, that we could only learn the needful

lesson to *look*, and not to *buy*. The two girls went out with their little spending-money, and wished to take the first attractive thing they saw. But no; it was better to wait: probably at the window beyond there would be something yet to be preferred; and then, at the next window, something more beautiful still; and, before we reached the end of the street, something far more attractive yet! So we often came home, the same little pocket-money still in their hand, and the delightful anticipation yet of spending it; but they, nevertheless, richer and happier than before in the great enjoyment they had had.

Their little sister Memie, to whom it was all new, could but exclaim at every step, "Oh, buy that for me!" "I want this; will you buy this?" at each pretty thing she saw, until she also learned the lesson always reiterated,—that they must be *looked at*, and not *wished for*.

Paris is delightful in many ways: but at that season — the spring months — it was not so warm and sunny as Rome had been when we left; and

the dampness, and change of climate, at last made the children ill with influenza. They all got well over it but Gianina, who had almost to be carried on a little bed when we went from there to Havre to take the steamer ; but the change, and freshness of the sea-air, soon revived her, and brought again the color and roundness to her cheeks.

CHAPTER XXII.

COLUMBUS AND THE ATLANTIC.

THE broad, blue ocean! It makes one think of Columbus. From the very shores from which we were now setting out,—the shores of Europe,—once upon a time he set out, to cross over the same ocean, then an “unknown” one; no vessel or human being, that was known, ever having passed over it before. There it stretched out, deep, flowing, and boundless, farther than the eye could reach. Singular, that people and nations had lived hundreds and thousands of years, and had never yet ventured to stretch out, far away, and see where this boundless water would lead to! The truth is, their vessels were not large and strong enough to encounter the stormy waves that would

sometimes meet them far out at sea, and with no land near under which they could run for shelter. So they had been from the coast of Europe only as far as the Canary and Cape Verd and Azore Islands, but dared not go beyond: all farther than that seemed to them awful and perilous.

Then arose that one, — Columbus. He had lived — a boy — near by the sea (he was born in Genoa, Italy), and, with a love of the sea, had an enthusiastic love of geographical studies. Maps and charts were his delight. The idea began to arise in his mind, that far beyond that western ocean, so unknown, there must be land, land, land, — that old land of the East Indies, he thought, which had long been familiar, but which vessels had to go a round-about way to reach. This, he believed, across the unknown ocean, would be but a shorter way to it. Born and brought up by the sea, Columbus could have said, it is presumed, with the poet, —

“I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward. From a boy

I wantoned with thy breakers ; they to me
Were a delight : and, if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear ;
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near ;
And laid my hand upon thy mane, as I do here."

Therefore he was not afraid to venture thus far out ; but others were. His plans and belief were even turned to ridicule ; and for eighteen long years was he obliged to labor before he could find any person of influence to agree with and assist him. It was, at length, Queen Isabella of Spain alone who listened to him, and even pledged her jewels to raise money enough to provide him ships for the voyage.

A *man* crossed the ocean, and found a new continent on the other side ; but it was a *woman* who procured for him the means. Good and honored queen ! Her name will go down with that of Columbus to the latest ages, in a wreath of glory, for *having done what she could* to aid him in his distress, and to assist him in his important designs.

She had the courage, the sense, and the warm-heartedness to attend to his words when others failed him. And this is just what a woman has to do: she has to *help* man in his work. She must have reason and intelligence enough to listen to and be interested in his plans, — praiseworthy ones, of course, — and sympathy and tenderness enough to enable her to devise ways and means, if needful, to assist him to carry them out. Columbus might never have found a new world had it not been for Isabella, as other monarchs were slow and dilatory in their movements, or were faithless in their engagements, or were too much occupied with their own affairs. All honor, then, to the woman and queen who sacrificed her own personal property, habits and adornments, for the furtherance of the cause of science and knowledge useful to mankind, to the whole world of nations!

Three small vessels were fitted out, neither of them scarcely larger than our pilot vessels of the present day: one was but of fifteen tons burden;

two were without decks.* With this tiny fleet, Columbus set bravely and nobly forth; and who does not know the glorious success of that voyage, after the various mishaps and misadventures of the way, when, after three weeks out of sight of land, his rebellious crew threatened to throw him overboard if he did not immediately turn back by the way they came!

But Columbus was a man of *genius*; confident in his purposes. Give up he could not; persevere he must. Then, for reward, soon came the delightful view, in the midst of the open sea, of grassy shoals, and birds flying hither and thither. Where could these have come from but from land?

Columbus saw too, in his voyage, it is presumed, if he were not too far south, such other objects as *we* also saw in our homeward voyage, — whales spouting up water, which formed in the air graceful

* There were forecastles and cabins for the crew, but no deck in the centre of the vessel, — much like the vessels now used for coasting along the shores.

curves; dolphins sporting and playing, heaving up their silvery breasts to the sun. How pleasant it was to see these living creatures far out on the ocean, where there was no other life besides ourselves in sight! But we saw, what probably he did not, in that latitude, and in the season in which he went (it was during August and September), great icebergs looming up in the distance, white and cliff-like, moving slowly and majestically along. Once we passed very near the side of one; but it was in the night, and those only saw it who happened to be on deck.

How delightful it was, too, to see occasionally a vessel or ship in full sail! and sometimes we would pass almost near enough to one to speak to those on board. But Columbus never saw a vessel, besides his own little fleet, in *his* first voyage!

The course of Columbus was so far southward, that he came upon the bright and sunny regions of the West-India Islands, which rose from the blue and sparkling sea, clothed in luxuriant verdure. How enchanting must have been the sight, after all

the perils, uncertainties, and anxieties of the deep! and how must not Columbus have been overwhelmed with rapture, his day-dreams all come true, his prophecies made real, his happy visions all fulfilled!

A wild sight, too, it was, with the rank vegetation of the tropics, and the inhabitants, dark-eyed and tawny, flocking to the shore almost unclothed, — wild natives of the woods, — after a pause to behold those new, wonderful creatures approaching, — great birds, with enormous white wings, as they called the ships of Columbus, — flying with alarm back into their forests. Such was the scene which met the gaze of Columbus, the first white man who visited the shores of America; the shores of the islands, at least, of the New World.

What was the view which met our gaze on the shores of this same New World three hundred and fifty years after Columbus first opened the way? A great city, containing half a million of inhabitants; the harbor crowded with tall masts of ships from every quarter of the globe; and on the con-

continent all around, where then were but forests and Indian huts, new cities, towns, and villages, by the thousands; cultivated and growing fields; railroads, telegraphs, and canals. Oh the magic power of time! Time itself is a fairy, which winds and unwinds the threads of fate, making spring up here and there new life and new joys, and sweeping away others as things that were not. The poor Indian in his wigwam no longer dwells here; but a great nation has taken his place to make the "wilderness" "bud and blossom as the rose." Providence has given us this great country, with untold blessings: may we make of it the *most* and the *best*; a land where all good may grow; where true happiness and prosperity may enrich the soil,—that which consists in virtue, truth, and intelligence; and where all our boys and girls may be happy and useful members of happy, useful, and beloved homes and firesides.

Here our title of nobility is what we make ourselves. All may be *noble* men or women in purity and honor, learning and integrity. Such "nobility"

is the accompaniment of an industrious and well-spent life ; and blessed is our country where all — rich and poor, white and black — are free and privileged to attain to this. May some good fairy whisper to every young person who reads this book how it is that he or she, individually, may attain to this high and noble state !

CHAPTER XXIII.

SUMMER RESORT.

AMERICA is not yet wholly built up in cities and towns and cultivated fields : there are wild nooks enough still, and open country everywhere about ; and to such a place did the two young girls, Nan-nine and Gianina, resort with their family to spend the summer of their arrival, after the first greetings and short stay with dear friends in the great city of New York.

It was a true country place indeed to which they went. The following is a description of it, written on the spot : “. . . A sequestered, quiet place, — a complete old farmhouse, as perfectly in the country as you ever saw ; with barn, barnyard, and cows milking, all in view from the parlor window

at which I am writing; and hens and turkeys all around the house. There is no attempt at embellishment of grounds; no garden,—at least, not immediately near the house: I have just discovered one across the yard, behind a stone wall. There is grass about the house, with trees, and a swing for the children.

“It is real New-England country-life; and Nanine and Gianina are enchanted with the freedom of strolling about alone, feeding the chickens, *et cætera*. They already look like little country-girls, as browned and sunburnt as possible.

“The sea lies in front, but with a quite long walk — an eighth of a mile — down to it; and the air at the house is deliciously cool, straight from the water: very few of our muslins and laces, I fancy, shall we need.

“The road to the house is, for some distance, across the fields, with gates, and bars to let down. It was quite an adventure getting here: * the boat

* The writer did not go until a week or two after the rest of the family.

had arrived later than usual that evening ; and, instead of taking a hack to drive out, — for it is five or six miles from town, — I mounted into a wagon, a common open wagon, which was just ready to return to the farm. It was a long hour, and very dark, before we reached the place to turn into the field ; and already it was so late, we found the gates and bars all closed and fastened for the night. So I preferred to leave the wagon, and walk down, the man accompanying me with a lantern which we procured at the cottage near where we left the vehicle.

“ One light was seen at the house as we approached ; but we knocked and knocked several times before the farmer made his appearance, having already retired to bed. Indeed, it was very late ; and the children’s mamma, whose rooms were on the other side of the house, did not hear our arrival. She was up, however, with the nurse, and was surprised and amused at my entrance in such a plight. We all enjoyed a hearty burst of laughter.

“ The great attraction of the place is being near

a dear aunt and cousins, who live in a charming cottage across the fields. Gianina has been there this afternoon, and has just returned at eight o'clock — though scarcely dark this summer evening — with a strange, big dress on. She had been wading with her cousins in a brook, fell in, and was so completely wet, that she was obliged to put on one of their dresses, which comes down to her feet. She looks comical enough !

“It is such a new sort of life, that the two girls are perfectly fascinated with it. One of the first things they exclaimed to me was, ‘You mustn’t mind the dinners: they are very simple,—hot meat sometimes, but sometimes cold; but they are very good, very good indeed!’ All is perfectly *comme il faut* to their minds.” . . .

One afternoon there was a picnic in a grove, when their little sister Memie also went, and enjoyed it with the rest: even their baby-brother was of the party, now a fine, lovely boy of two years old.

A dear little fellow he was too! How exqui-

sitely Mary, the nurse, kept him! his little white frocks always looking fresh, although he ran about in the grass, trying to catch the chickens.

Was any one ever more faithful and steady than that English nurse? She would never allow either the little boy or Memie, both of whom she had the care of at meals, to please their fancy at table until they had first eaten their substantial plate of hominy for breakfast, and soup for dinner. She was repaid for her perseverance by their healthy looks; they being as rosy and rugged as the children of the English Isle itself,—the same as when once, in the far-off summer at Lucca, the Grand Duchess herself stopped to admire “Baby Memie’s” * chubby limbs.

* See the companion-volume.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE "MIDSUMMER-NIGHT" FAIRIES.

DURING that taste of — not *fashionable* but *country* — "Newport life," the two girls, in their frequent visits to and plays with their cousins, who lived in the pretty cottage a quarter of a mile distant, although not forgetting the fairies they had left in their far home beyond the sea, became acquainted, and were now occupied, with quite another group. There was a wild, narrow stream running through a pleasant, tangled wood, — the very haunts, they believed, of King Oberon and his fairy-troop.

Here they spent a good deal of their time imagining him the lord of a magical island: no one could pass that way without his permission, or

enter his fairy-castle without some mysterious "*Open sesame.*"

His messenger, Puck, I presume, too, was there, playing his mischievous pranks, and performing elfin messages for his master, King Oberon. Puck was such a mimic and hobgoblin, that he would delude and deceive people, making them think that he was somebody or something else than he really was. He said of himself, —

"I'll follow you; I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier:
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn."

Sometimes Puck, in his hobgoblin way, made mistakes in the errands his master gave him to do; and then he caused a great deal of mischief.

One of our artists * has represented Puck in marble, as like a cherub baby, sitting good natured-

* Miss Harriet Hosmer.

ly in a toad-stool ! but he does not seem to have been such an innocent little creature as that.

The queen, Titania, — was she not also there, with her attendant fairies, Moth and Cobweb, Peas-blossom and Mustard-seed ? These were her messengers, as Puck was that of her husband, Oberon : they accompanied her on all occasions, and did her bidding.

Titania fell in love once with a strange-looking monster, — a human being with an ass's head ! She doted on him, and thought his rough voice was as charming as an angel's ! Now, all this was a deceit which Oberon had played upon her by means of Puck. He had sent him to put the juice of a certain flower upon her eyelids when she was asleep, that she might become enamoured with the first thing her eyes should fall upon when she awoke ; and it proved to be this singular creature. He was really a man ; but Puck had fastened the head of an ass upon him, and made this curious metamorphosis ! But Titania did not know the de-

ception, and she thought him as beautiful as possible. She said to him, —

"Out of this wood do not desire to go :
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate :
The summer still doth tend upon my state.
And I do love thee: therefore go with me.
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee ;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressèd flowers dost sleep ;
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go."

Then she called her attendants, —

"Peas-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed!"

They all answered, "Ready!" "Here!" "Where shall we go?"

Said she, —

"Be kind and courteous to this gentleman :
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes ;
Feed him with apricots and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries ;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees ;
And, for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,

And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To guide my love to bed, and to arise ;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes :
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies."

Then they all saluted the "gentleman," and made their reverences.

This gentleman with the ass's head was quite delighted with these fairy attendants. He questioned them, and said he should desire more acquaintance with "good Master Cobweb:" if he cut his finger, he should make bold with him. And to Mr. Peas-blossom he said, "I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother ; and to Master Peascod, your father." And to "good Master Mustard-seed," "I know your patience well : the giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house."

How curious it would be if those things which we see on a summer's morning — the thin cobwebs spread out from leaf to leaf, the moths flying in

the air, the tiny mustard-seed, and the deliciously fragrant blossoms of the sweet-pea — should be turned into fairies, and do our bidding!

At another time, the queen said to the ass-like gentleman, —

"Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek, smooth head,
And kiss thy fair, large ears, my gentle joy."

Then he called all the fairies about him, and put them to work; Peas-blossom at one thing, and Cobweb at another, and Mustard-seed to help him. He said, "I must to the barber's; methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch."

Then the queen asked him what he would have to eat.

"I could munch your good dry oats," said he; but there was "nothing better than good hay, sweet hay."

Replied the queen, "I have a venturous fairy that shall seek the squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts."

"I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas," said he.

When Puck was wandering about one day on a message for his master the king, he met a fairy, and asked her where she was going.

She answered, —

“Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moone's sphere;
And I serve the fairy-queen,
To dew her orbs * upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats, spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favors;
In those freckles live their savors.
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.”

* Fairy-circles.

Such was their fairy-work.

When the queen wanted to repose, she said to her fairies, —

"Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence, —
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with the bats for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint sports. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest."

The place on the couch on which the queen slept was like the following: Oberon described it to Puck that very time when he wished him to go and touch the eyes of his queen with the juice of a flower, that she might fall in love with whatever she first looked upon when she awoke, — which proved to be that ass!

The place seems too pretty for such a strange hallucination. It was this: —

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows,

Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania some time of the night,
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamelled skin,—
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in;
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.”

King Oberon was jealous of Titania, and resentful at that time ; and therefore he played this witchery upon her. But her fairies were not so : they knew nothing about that, and they took every care to make her sleep sweetly and well.

They sang to her this

SONG.

“You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts and blindworms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen;
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby,—
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Never harm nor spell nor charm

Come our lovely lady nigh:
So good-night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence;
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby,—
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Never harm nor spell nor charm
Come our lovely lady nigh:
So good-night, with lullaby."

With this we, too, will bid good-night to our fairies; only saying, that, when Titania awoke, the monster, ass, was close beside her: he was singing with his ass-y voice; and Titania, rousing, said, "What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?"

We must add also, that when Oberon and Puck had played all their mischievous pranks, and brought things to rights again, the former pitied his poor queen, seeing her decorating the "hairy temples" of her ass-lover with a "coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers," and he restored her to her

senses. Then she went back to her husband, and they lived ever after lovingly and happily.

Whether Nannine and Gianina and their cousins discovered all those fairy-doings of Oberon and his queen and their sportive troop in the pretty tangled wildwood where they played that summer, we cannot say; but they are the stories which the great Shakspeare has related of those elfin beings in his "*Midsummer-Night's Dream*."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE DREAM.

DURING the warm days of that summer, one of the family became ill. Nannine and her sister had been, as usual in the afternoon, with their cousins; and when they returned home, towards evening, how sweetly did they go to the bedside and inquire what they could do!

Gianina had her doll in her hand; for the days of dolls were not yet over: and with a bright and arch expression on her face, as if a happy thought had just occurred to her, she asked if she should not leave her doll there — for company.

Their friend was not very ill then; but, in a day or two, it became evident that it would be a long and serious illness, — a fever in fact, — and the

house was to be kept quiet. The children were then all sent to stay with their dear aunt and cousins in the pretty cottage, where they remained the rest of the summer.

The mind of a sick person usually, in the height of a fever, is filled with many and various fancies; and, in this case, some of those which occurred from time to time were so real, so life-like, that they made a strong impression, and were remembered after their friend was recovered, so that she wrote them down precisely as they had appeared to her, thinking that they might at some time be useful to other children. Being so real and true a story, as it were, *seeming* so like reality, we will, as we have it to copy from, add it to these little narratives.

It is the following, and is called

THE ANGEL-CHILD.

A child, once, had been sent by her father abroad into the world, with only her own exertions to maintain her. Excepting some drops of

sorrow when she thought of her father, and a pang of home-sickness now and then, she was, in the main, light-hearted and cheerful. She went regularly on with her work: and, besides doing that which was necessary for her support, she was earnest and diligent also to acquire what would improve and embellish her mind and character; so that her time was wholly employed. Thus she went on steadily and happily.

At last, there seemed to be a change: perhaps her work had been too steady and close; or perhaps it had come to be too light for her, and did not occupy her sufficiently. But a strange uneasiness came over her. Her eye began to lose its brightness; her cheek became pale; the buoyant elasticity of her step was gone; outward things seemed no longer satisfying and substantial; a vague listlessness and dreaminess came over her; long hours began to pass sadly to her; and she mourned in bitterness of spirit, — she could hardly tell why or wherefore. But through it all she had thought of her father, and wondered where

he was, and why he did not come to her assistance.

She had often waited for him patiently, believing that he would come to her; but now she sought earnestly to find him, and even called to him with a loud voice.

One night when she was very sad and miserable, and had been calling and calling in vain, she sat down where she was: tears filled her eyes, and loud sobs broke the stillness around. A stranger then stepped forward, and said, "Are you the child that I have seen crying at the gate?" — "Yes," she replied: "I have been calling to my father."

"Where is your father?"

"He told me to come here and call him when I wanted him: he said he would be here."

"Why do you not call him, then?"

"I have called him; but he does not answer."

"Then he is not in this place: it is of no use to call him here."

"But he must be in this place: he said he would be *here*. He told us to call him when we wanted

him; and how could he hear us, if he were not here? I know he is here."

The stranger, finding her persistent, went away.

The child, too, then walked on; and, as she went, she saw a young man standing by a low couch, which seemed to be covered all over with pointed nails, or thorns. A dignified person, with grave but benevolent face, was standing near. The youth was saying to him,—

"I will not lie down on that bed: it is all full of thorns. I will go and find another."

The grave man said to him,—

"You will not find another: until you have first lain down upon that bed of thorns, you will never find a bed of roses."

No, the young man said; he was not going to lie down on that bed of thorns: he would go and find a bed of roses for himself.

"Well," said the old man, "you may go all over the world, and search all your life through for a softer bed; but, until you come back and take up this couch of thorns, you will never find

one of roses. It is only from this that the roses spring ; and it is only by lying down upon it, and taking it for your own, that you will find it all turning to flowers."

Nevertheless the youth went away into the wide world to search for himself. Again, at another time, the child was there : she saw him come back to this same couch, and take it up, saying that he had sought in vain ; he could find none anywhere else.

As he said this, he sat down upon it, and quietly and patiently extended himself, and stretched his wearied limbs ; and, true enough, as the man had prophesied, roses, below and around him, began to burst forth and bloom, until the couch was one mass of soft, fragrant, beautiful, and refreshing flowers !

The child turned, and went her way ; but still her trials, troubles, and sorrows were with her : every thing seemed to go against her will ; until at last, in very helplessness, she laid herself submissively down. As she did so, like lightning it flashed through her mind that this was her bed of

thorns, and it was God's will that she should lie down upon it: and, as she composed herself quietly to rest, it appeared to her that literally her bed was turning to roses; her firm mattress seemed absolutely soft like down; and she felt more as if buoyed in the air than on a bed of pain and sickness.

But on a bed of pain and sickness she truly was, and there she lay for many weeks; but in the midst of it her father came to her! She had no power to see him: but she heard his voice distinctly speaking, and knew that he was by her side; and, with that knowledge, what rest and peace there were for her! He told her what to do; and how glad was she to do as he directed! and how earnest to do all that he wished, and unwilling to do aught that might displease him! It was a sweet time of communion of child and father. She put her hand in his, and kept close to his side: she tried to look up to his face; but he was so much taller than she, — and her eyes were half dim too, — that I think she never distinctly saw it. But that mat-

tered little, as she knew he was there; and she clung fast hold to him, and felt a brightness in his very presence.

In the very joy of her spirit, all was beautiful to her; and there was but happiness within and around her. Her very self seemed transformed and made anew; and, with pleased and childish delight, she looked at her new features, and new hands, as it were, and new feet, and anticipated the happy time when she should be out again in the world, and going along *just as God would have her to go*. Ah! was she right? Was there to be nothing now but happiness, and roses and flowers budding and blooming all along the way? She thought so, and said to herself, "Now I am to be always happy!" Little she knew the place she was in, or the road she was about to travel.

As she proceeded on her way, there suddenly rose before her a hill, so steep, cragged, and rough, that truly it was called the "Hill of Difficulty." It stood right in her pathway, and blocked up all the scene; in fact, it filled the entire road over

which she was to pass : there was no turning either to the right hand or to the left. It was not only that it was high and steep : with a stout heart and strong step she might have overcome that difficulty, and gone straight along on her way, minding little the hardness of the ascent. Difficulties thus overcome give but vigor and strength, and even pleasure, to both body and mind ; but this was utterly jagged, filled with stones, rocks, and *débris*, or rubbish, every step of the way, — not a spot, apparently, on which a human foot could be placed.

In sorrow and dismay, she stood irresolute; not knowing what to do ; when a strong voice sounded near her, “ Go on ! ”

“ But how,” said she, “ can I go on ? There is no place to step ! ”

“ Go on, go on ! ” alone replied the voice.

“ It is impossible to go on ; there is no place to put my feet ! ” again she cried.

“ Go on, go on, go on ! ” still the voice shouted in her ear, and this time with such trumpet-tones, that she could but fain make the attempt. Sure

enough, as she stepped, there seemed to be a footing under her! Slowly and hesitatingly, at first, she placed her feet, pausing at each footstep to know if another could be taken. Still the voice echoed, perseveringly and energetically, "Go on, go on!" and truly she found this was the only way. There had seemed to be no place to advance; on every side there was an obstacle: but, as she lifted each foot, a way seemed to be made for it to be placed, however invisible it had been before; and actually she went on.

It was laborious and up-hill work nevertheless; but the strong though kind voice continued, encouragingly, "Go on, go on!" This, she began to find, though strange it seemed, was her father's voice. Stern, indeed, it had to be, knowing the dangers and difficulties of the way: this had been necessary for her; without it, she would have lain down helpless and in despair.

But now, when confident that it was he who had guided her so tenderly before, she took new courage, and, with a lighter heart, she did indeed go on

until the end of that weary road was reached, and she came out upon a level plain, spreading wide and broad before her, but still so dim in the misty light, that she could hardly tell what or where it was.

Then she awoke from her dream; for was it not a dream that the child had had on her bed of sickness? And the child — was it herself, or was it an angel-spirit that had come to her to help her on her way, and to show her in this form what should be her life's journey? We believe it was the latter; for just such as appeared to this child happens oftentimes in life.

In the beginning we laugh and play, and busy ourselves among the flowers, and dance and sing, and read fairy stories, — such as this book, — and are happy as we can be: all seems bright around us, and we are contented and satisfied enough. But after a while we are tired of these, and wish there was something else. Sometimes there is something else to take the place, and we feel very glad and happy still. But often we grow more and

more wearied and unsatisfied : then we begin to look around for guidance and help ; and soon we find that we must look to some One who is higher and better than we.

Then we remember that we have a heavenly Father, who bids us call to him when we need him ; and he tells us to call him *just where we are* : we need not go away somewhere to find him. Had not the little girl believed that her father was *right there*, — close by, — she would not have continued to call him : so we must persevere just as the child did, and God our Father will come to us sooner or later ; for he always comes when one is serious and earnest.

Perhaps we shall not see him, as the little girl did not see her father. But that is no matter : we shall feel him, — know that he is present ; and that is quite enough : it is sufficient to make us very happy, cheerful, and bright all the day long.

Or, if we have some great trial or sorrow or cross which seems like piercing us with many

thorns or nails, we must remember the couch which the young man would not lie down upon at first, but found, after all, that it was the very one which he must lie down upon, and the only one that ever could become to him a soft and tender bed of flowers. This seems strange; but so it is. God, our Father in heaven, has appointed us certain trials which we must go through. To some persons, there is one thing; to others, another; but to all it is something painful or disagreeable, which they would rather not have: and it is only by taking this patiently and submissively, and making use of it, that we find it to become easy and pleasant, and, at last, the very thing that was best for us.

And the Hill of Difficulty — if any persons have such a dreadful hill as that was to go over, they have only to make up their minds that they must go right on, however hard or steep may be the path; and there will always be an encouraging voice in their heart and mind: for God puts his own kind voice there, and has also given us Jesus to show and point out the way, who travelled over

the very same road that we have to go ; so that we can always have help enough.

If we come out, at last, to an open plain beyond, that will all be right, smooth, and well ; but, if not, —

“He that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps ;”

and He will still guide and watch over his children, until they come to a haven of “perfect rest” and “peace.”

CHAPTER XXVI

CONCLUSION.

OUR little stories are properly ended; but those who have followed them thus far will perhaps not regret still a few "last words."

After two years' absence, the family returned to their far home in Italy; and the following extracts, recalling old scenes, are from a letter which Nannine wrote to her former teacher: ". . . Things are very little changed: the old house is just as it used to be; our old room and mamma's; nothing has been touched. Your room is still 'The School-room.' Josef and Theresa, you know, kept the house while we were away; and where do you think Theresa found the blue mosaic breastpin? *

* A pin which was found to be missing on our arrival in America.

Way down behind your bureau! Oh! I have got my fingers already inked: you see I was not meant for a letter-writing genius, nor, indeed, for any genius at all.

“The other day I found my old drawing-book, in which you set me copies with such patience. Gianina is going through with the same book now: she is getting on finely, and has decided to be an eminent landscape-painter, and to knit an Afghan blanket; both of which things I consider exceedingly improbable! However, it is unfair to judge her. As for Memie, she has begun the Italian Ollendorf, music, and drawing: she has already drawn the set of Coe’s drawing-cards.

“Do you remember Mr. Brown,* the artist? We went to his studio the other day, and he showed us some exquisite landscapes. He had a great many. There were two large ones for mates: one was the Campagna; and the other, part of the country between Aricia and Gensano. There was a low stone fence bordering the road, and magni-

* Mr. J. G. Brown, one of our first American landscape-painters.

ficent trees overhanging it. On the fence sat a group of contadine,* one of them with a spindle in her hand : farther on in the shade, a shepherd sits at the bottom of a tree, and his sheep are around him. Through the trees are seen some houses in the distance. I wish you could see it. There is also a moonlight scene, which is lovely. He showed us a great many exquisite drawings of his.

.
 "E—— — is at present wild about natural history : he has two trays of pinned-up butterflies, and a microscope some one has given him. Moro † is so immense, I can scarcely lift him. We are all well and happy : I hope you are so too.

" Good-by, dear Toity ! From your loving

" NANNINE."

It will be seen from the above that the little sister Memie, at her early years, and in the long absence, had forgotten her native Italian, and was recommencing it. The " trays of pinned-up but-

* Peasant-women.

† See " Child-life in Italy."

terflies" probably reminded Nannine of the time when she, with a young friend, ran about the garden, helping him to catch butterflies for the same purpose. The little boy then occupied in the pursuit was the son of a German professor who often came to the house.

Moro, the large cat, it seems, still kept possession of the place, and was larger than ever.

APPENDIX.

You love, my love, but I love thee ;
Oh ! love no love, but, love, love me ;
Then let my love thy love be,
And give, love, love for thee and for me.

Capt. For-bes
Has sent his for-ces
To the East In-dies.

[Key to the puzzles and acrostic charades in the companion-volume,
"Child-life in Italy."]

- (I)
1. Wellington.
 2. Alma.
 3. Turnip.
 4. Erato.
 5. Roll.
 6. Line.
 7. Oronoco.
 8. Opinion.

Waterloo and Napoleon.

- (II.)
1. Farrago.
 2. Idiotic.

3. Rocket.
4. Embargo.
5. Nabob.
6. Zebedee.
7. Error.

Firenze (Florence) and October.

- (III.)
1. Terni.*
 2. Earthen.
 3. Leaf.
 4. Era.
 5. Meat.
 6. Adieu.
 7. Chimera.
 8. Hut.
 9. Use.
 10. Shroud.

Telemachus — infatuated.

- (IV.)
1. Imp.
 2. Nydia.
 3. Dhu.
 4. Instep.
 5. Geese.
 6. Emperor.†
 7. Nemi.
 8. Camillus.
 9. Equilibrium.

Indigence and Pauperism.

* The Falls of Terni, — the most celebrated of Italy. "Curius Dentatus drained the Lake of Velinus, creating that beautiful waterfall, and leaving it as a legacy to posterity. Not one in a thousand, perhaps, who admire it, know to whom their gratification is due. Cicero mentions the fact incidentally; and Niebuhr, in his Roman Lectures, dwells on it." — *Gen. Dis.*

† This was an allusion to the times, and should have been changed, but was inadvertently overlooked by the author.

- (V.)
1. Victoria.
 2. Ice.
 3. Ruin.
 4. George.
 5. I.
 6. Lord.

Virgil and the *Æneid*.

- (VI.)
1. Verac (ity)
 2. Eu.
 3. Nap.
 4. U. I.
 5. Sand.

Venus and Cupid.

- (VII.)
1. Cap.
 2. Arno.
 3. Sail.
 4. Tail.
 5. O. U.
 6. Rex.

Castor and Pollux (a constellation).

- (VIII.)
1. Odd.
 2. Rare-ripe.
 3. All.
 4. Cup.
 5. Laugh.
 6. Ennui.

Oracle at Delphi.

- (IX.)
1. Eel.
 2. Lu-lu.

3. Leaf.
4. Ear.
5. Norma.

Ellen and Lufra.

“And oft would Ellen Lufra’s neck,
In maiden glee, with garlands deck :
They were such playmates, that, with name
Of Lufra, Ellen’s image came.”

Lady of the Lake.

- (X.)
1. Pup.
 2. Una.
 3. Saw.
 4. Scissors.

Puss and her paws.

- (XI.)
1. Caoutchouc (India-rubber).
 2. Roar.
 3. Orinoco.
 4. Snow.
 5. Son.

The Cross and the Crown.

- (XII.)
1. Jericho.
 2. Ural.
 3. Penny.
 4. Islam.
 5. Top.
 6. Eu.
 7. Rosecrans.

Jupiter and Olympus.

- (XIII.)
1. Elm.
 2. No.

3. Do.
4. Yawn.
5. Mob.
6. Ice.
7. Oceanica.
8. Novum (Latin for *new*).

Endymion and the moonbeam.

- (XIV.)
1. Papa.
 2. Yelp.
 3. Two.
 4. Hall.
 5. Owl.
 6. No.

The Python and Apollo.

- (XV.)
1. Easel.
 2. Love.
 3. Ici (here)
 4. Slavonic.
 5. Aisle.
 6. Bliss.
 7. Et (and).
 8. Tree.
 9. Hexameter.

Elisabeth and Leicester.

- (XVI.)
1. Wheel.
 2. Havana.
 3. Inn.
 4. Teutonic.
 5. Elfrida.
 6. Rebus.

7. Orgeat.
8. Shakspeare.
9. Elder.

White rose, emblem of the House of York ;
Lancaster, the opposing royal family.

- (XVII.)
1. Mr.
 2. Oriole.
 3. Naval.
 4. A. I.
 5. Sling.
 6. Tahiti.
 7. Europe.
 8. Roderick-Dhu.
 9. Yeux (eyes).

Monastery and the religieux (monks).

- (XVIII.)
1. As.
 2. Llama.
 3. Hour.
 4. Africa.
 5. Music.
 6. Belle.
 7. Rain.
 8. Arras.

Alhambra and the Saracens.

- (XIX.)
1. Rap.
 2. Asia.
 3. Pi — (Pi-es).
 4. Hen.
 5. At.
 6. Edible.
 7. Lear.

Raphael, painter.

(XX.)

1. Alpha.
2. Life-preserver.
3. Papa.
4. Hub.
5. Alibi.
6. Britzska.
7. Ellen.
8. Tiles.

The (writing) alphabet and the Arabians.

(XXI.)

1. Nest.
2. Err.
3. Pot-pourri.
4. Tend.
5. Use.
6. Nun.
7. East.

Neptune and his trident.

(XXII.)

1. Charles.
2. Rome.
3. Up.
4. Sou.
5. Awl.
6. Didactic.
7. Earth.
8. Red Rover.
9. State.

The Crusaders and the (Holy) Sepulchre.

(XXIII.)

1. Jerusalem.
2. Uri.
3. Pan.

APPENDIX.

4. Ice.
5. Tear.
6. Ev. — (Evangeline).
7. Rebecca.

Jupiter and Minerva.

- (XXIV.)
1. Thalberg.
 2. Rollo.
 3. All.
 4. Void.
 5. Eaves.
 6. Lukewarm.
 7. Lui (him).
 8. Eat.
 9. Raleigh.

The "Traveller" and Goldsmith.

- (XXV.)
1. Rob.
 2. Ill.
 3. Co.
 4. Hen.
 5. Aid.
 6. Rule.
 7. Doll.

Richard (Cœur de Lion) and Blondel.

- (XXVI.)
1. Port.
 2. Enna.
 3. Nap.
 4. Eve.
 5. Lass.
 6. Ought.
 7. Porter.
 8. Enemy.

Penelope and her tapestry.

- (XXVII.)
1. Charm.
 2. Everglade.
 3. Cat.
 4. Ianthe (Byron's poems).
 5. Lowell.
 6. Idyl.
 7. Anna.

Cecilia Metella,
(known by her monument in Rome).

- (XXVIII.)
- Cocoa.
Ohio.
Celtic.
Ontario.
Aocac.

Cocoa.

ERRATA.

In "Child-life in Italy," in Charade No. 11, the word "gun," in the first line, is a misprint for "gum."

In 21, fourth line, "muse" should be "nurse."

In 23, the definition, "Name of mountains in Asia," was an accidental mistake. It should have been "A canton of Switzerland," corresponding to the answer in this volume, "Uri."

In 26, first line, the word "port" was also a mistake: it should be "land."

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